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THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR'S PROCLAMATION TO HER PEOPLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Dr. Cure-All is the automatic doctor recently invented, unless, indeed, his creation itself is invented, in Holland. He has little drawers—wooden drawers—all over him, inscribed with the various ailments peculiar to all portions of the human frame, and when you pull out the drawer which is the seat of your particular malady, you find “the pill or potion” which is the remedy. You cannot pull it out without first dropping a coin into the slot; but what is a very important omission in the account of this ingenious invention, the value of the coin is not specified. Dr. Cure-All is, I conclude, despite his title, a general practitioner, not a physician. If one has to put two guineas into the slot for the first time and one guinea afterwards—which are the usual fees of physicians who are not automatic—the machinery must be of a complicated character indeed. But the charges even of the general practitioner are very various. In the East End they are as low as sixpence, in the West they begin at five shillings and rise to ten according to the lateness of the hour at which we require their services. Shall we have to consult the watch before we consult Dr. Cure-All in order to select his proper fees? Of course this medical adviser is on the “hire system,” and his advice (like gas) is paid for according to the amount required, which is exceedingly convenient. Everything, indeed, seems arranged for that the patient can possibly require, except one thing: with their delicate notions of etiquette it is doubtful whether members of the faculty would meet our automatic doctor in consultation.

Would it be possible, one wonders, to procure an automatic “combination” of learned professions so as to have one’s private chaplain as well as one’s medical man all in one, and on castors? The drawers would have to be differently arranged, but it would be very soothing in our hours of doubt if, on pressure of a button, a case of conscience could be settled for us, or a stumbling-block removed from the path of faith. Then there would be no arguing; that would be a great advantage enjoyed by the automaton clergyman; for directly a man begins to argue it is only human that we feel an inclination to disagree with him and to the holding of our own opinions.

The taste for automata of the ordinary kind has gone out. The world has been tricked so often by elaborate machinery, the sole purpose of which is to conceal some human agent of diminutive size, that it has grown sceptical. Such inventions are now apt to be investigated by persons who are used to judge of size and take nothing upon trust. In old times the great difficulty with the proprietors of automata was not the intricacy of cogs and wheels, but the finding of some sharp little fellow who could hold his tongue. There was also the fear of a much severer punishment than would now be awarded to such tricksters, for almost all these curiosities were originally invented to amuse crowned heads in countries where it was dangerous to offend them. The famous “Chess-player,” for example, was created by M. de Kempelen to please the Empress Maria Theresa. And though he had a great success with it for some time, he thought the experiment a dangerous one, and took the machine to pieces rather than run the risk of a public exposure. In later years, however, he grew bolder, and exhibited it both in France and Germany. There were many grounds for suspicion of its genuineness. The machinery was only subjected to examination in its fixed state, never while it was in motion; and in winding it up the key always performed the same number of revolutions, however different may have been that of the moves in the game. Above all, when the Turk was in the possession of M. Kempelen, he was never beaten, whereas after passing out of his hands he became but an indifferent performer. The inference was that though another player of the requisitely small proportions had been procured, he was not of equal intelligence; and in process of time the automaton chess-player became very much discredited.

Another link with a far back literary past has been snapped in the death of Sir Charles Murray, the author of “Prairie Bird.” That novel was one of the favourites of my boyhood—an imitation, no doubt, of Fenimore Cooper, but not a slavish one. The author was the first (so far as I know) to make use of an eclipse and an almanack for the purposes of fiction. The heroine is in the power of an Indian chief, and as a last resource agrees to marry him unless on a certain day the Great Spirit shall show his disapprobation of their union by darkening the sun. To the expectant bridegroom this does not seem very likely to happen, and even the young lady has not such confidence in astronomy and her substitute for “Whitaker” as she could wish. But the eclipse comes off nevertheless, and the marriage doesn’t. I should think it must be fifty years since I first read this novel, and to find that the author was until the other day in the flesh is truly surprising.

It is curious how among a people so distinctly humorous as the Americans there should be a tendency to run a joke to death. When it is a poor joke to begin with this is still more deplorable. Another book has recently been published in corroboration of the jest that Bacon wrote Shakspeare. There are seven hundred pages of it, with

“an extended illustration of the parallelisms between the dramatist and the philosopher.” It is not complimentary to the latter that the more obscure and verbose passages in the plays are held to establish “the analogy, not to say identity, between the interpretation of physical nature and human nature.” It is a very dreary business. What one would think should have prevented this curious aberration in the practical American mind is the consideration of this undoubted fact—that Shakspeare realised a fortune by the success of his plays; and is it credible from what we know of Bacon’s character that he would have let him do that if he himself had written them? It is not likely that a person who took other people’s money with such little scruple would permit his own pocket to be picked.

A charming discussion has been going on in “the leading journal” upon the pronunciation of Greek. The combatants, though both sides claim to be severely classical, are not particularly polite to one another. The advocates of modern Greek propose to resuscitate a dead language, which never, they say, can be done “while students are taught to pronounce it according to a pronunciation which does not exist, and in all probability never did exist.” This is unkind to our colleges and public schools, which have spent millions of treasure and blood (if we count the birchings) in teaching it in that very way. Among the examples these gentlemen give us of “how not to do it” is the received pronunciation of “Psyche,” which they say ought to be “Sukey,” which certainly sounds “living” enough, but slightly vulgar. A gentleman on the other side—but not the modern side—suggests that this is all rubbish. His system is neither the new nor the old, but apparently his own. He undertakes that his pupils “learn more about accents in two months than they did [under the established system] in two years.” It does not, however, seem to strike him that two years is rather a large slice of human life to be occupied in learning Greek accents, even the right ones. He proposes, not for a wager, but for the love of the thing, to teach “any sane boy” the main facts of classical pronunciation in half-an-hour; that is, a sane boy to begin with, but he does not guarantee what will become of that poor boy’s wits after the half-hour. The vigour, the enthusiasm, the indignation manifested by the various combatants over this rather unimportant and absolutely unknowable subject are very humorous and characteristic.

Mr. Herbert Spencer states in the *Contemporary* that the notion of the efficacy of medicine being proportional to its nastiness is a survival from the old belief that disease was caused by an indwelling demon, who must be driven out by administering to the patient something as disagreeable as possible. If any demon can stand rhubarb and castor oil, he must indeed be a most determined devil. This, to some extent, excuses the faculty for the filth they have made us swallow for the last four thousand years. But now that they have been enlightened on this point, I do hope that there will be an improvement in these drugs. Is it possible that science has no means of making medicines palatable? The reason why the surgeon has so far outstripped the physician, we are told, is from the belief that while diseases come from supernatural sources, and must be treated accordingly, the maiming of the body arose from natural causes, and could be dealt with by human agency. Now, however, that we start fair, there are hopes of reasonable treatment from the physician, and especially from the general practitioner, who supplies his own drugs. Henceforth, if he can make them agreeable to the palate, he will be the man for my money. “Here are some truly delicious pills,” he will say, “but if you can, pray avoid the temptation of biting them. This castor oil is a liqueur of a most delightful kind, but if possible, refrain from sipping it. I need scarcely say that this exquisite rhubarb and magnesia must be kept under lock and key, lest the dear children should get at it.”

It was only the other day that we were writing of Mackworth Praed, and now we have to mourn the death of him who may well lay claim to be Praed’s legitimate successor, Frederick Locker. There is no one who has mirrored London life in verse with such grace and humour, or reminded us more pleasantly of its past. He has filled St. James’s with delightful memories, the street—

... where Sacharissa sigh’d
When Waller read his ditty;
Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
And Alvanley was witty.

He loved the haunts of Old Cockaigne,
Where wit and wealth were squander’d;
The halls that tell of hoop and train,
Where grace and rank have wandered,

and described them as no other poet before or since. And now, like his heroes, he “quits Piccadilly.” A kindly heart he had, and many a time has he climbed (not easily, alas!) some flights of stairs to cheer this poor slave of the pen. He was an admirable raconteur, and in his little-known volume, “Patchwork,” has left behind him some of the wittiest anecdotes in the language. His “Lyra Elegantiarum” is as perfect a collection of the works of his brother poets as can be found. He had a most delicate, though not fastidious, taste for every kind of literature, and was one of the few men to whom can be rightly attributed

the title of a man of letters. His contemporaries had all preceded him to the Valley of the Shadow, and—

In travail and in tears,
With the fardel of his years
Overprest,
In mercy he was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

If the millionaire has any true friends who have the courage to give him a word of advice, that word should be “Lie low.” It should surely be good fortune enough that he should be so very rich, and he might well forego the satisfaction of boasting about it. One of the leading vulgarities of the American Press is the information they contain concerning the cost of Mr. So-and-So’s dinner-party, or the amount spent on flowers at Mrs. So-and-So’s reception. Sometimes these interesting facts are doubtless due to the invention of the reporter, but in general they are understood to be “communicated.” They are generally followed by a comparison between these expenses and the small amount of cents per diem on which the poorer classes have to live, by which it appears that the average millionaire could maintain ten thousand of them. This is not the sort of news to endear him to the great mass of mankind. But there is another mode by which he makes himself still more intolerable—though, no doubt, with the idea of escaping envy, or, at least, of mitigating resentment. He is always telling us that his riches are no advantage to him. We “put our thumb unto our nose and spread our fingers out,” but he will persist in this incredible statement. If a man tells us that he is uncomfortably hot, and that his great-coat is no use to him, the reply is plain: “Why the deuce don’t you throw it off, then?” When, so far from doing this, he is constantly adding fur cuffs and collars, we know what to think of his truthfulness. No less than three millionaires have recently been bewailing themselves upon this superfluity of raiment. It is most inconvenient, they tell us: they are always in a profuse perspiration; there is nothing so hateful as a fur coat, especially a sable one. This is what the vulgar call “kidding,” but it imposes upon nobody because the remedy is so obvious, and is never applied. To persons who have not a great-coat at all, even an ulster, these protestations are sickening. The desire to relieve the sufferers of the inconvenience they complain of is universal, and these utterances of theirs are more irritating than their boasts. The motto that should be inscribed on the malachite doors of these men of millions, for their private reading, should be, “Lie if we must, but let us lie low.”

This pride that apes humility has, however, some excuses for it in the statements made in all ages by philosophers who have plenty to live upon concerning the advantages of poverty. As to the superfluity of wealth, it may indeed be granted that it has its disadvantages. It surrounds one with parasites, makes friendships difficult, and is troublesome to dispose of; but it is vastly preferable to straitened means. A million of money may be almost—though not quite—insupportable, but it is better than ten shillings a week, with a family to support. The corroding influence of coppers—and especially the want of them—is quite as great as that of gold. Life is equally full of sordid cares at the lowest and the highest rounds of the ladder. If “the Poor in the loomp is bad,” it is, God help them, no wonder! “I have not only been a happier man for every guinea I have earned,” writes honest Sydney Smith, “but a better man.” But I know of no other divine who has had the pluck to say as much. It is, perhaps, the general hypocrisy about the matter that has encouraged the millionaire in his transparent attempts to impose upon us.

It is unusual, though not unparalleled, for young women to don sailors’ suits and take service on men-of-war. The poet has described one of them and her reward (which, I am sorry to say, was quite exceptional)—

Which when the Captain comed for to hear on’t,
Very much applauded what she’d done;
And he made her the first lieutenant
Of the gallant *Thunder Bomb*.

But for a young lady to venture on board a convict-ship in male attire is altogether unprecedented. Mr. Clark Russell, however, in his latest novel has not hesitated to place his heroine in this very compromising position, from which, one is glad to say, she emerges with flying colours. The book is a great contrast to the stories of introspection and psychology with which we have so long been favoured, and is full of incident. Marian is masculine enough to make half-a-dozen “new women,” and (perhaps partly owing to her boy’s clothes, an attire always “fetching”) a great deal more attractive than they are represented. The author has given more attention to character than is his wont, and Dr. Russell Ellice, with his theories of convict reformation, is well drawn. Barney Abram, the prize-fighter and ringleader of the mutineers, is much more interesting than the gentlemen of culture who take the lead in modern fiction; one quite regrets that, to suit the exigencies of the story, our author has been compelled to permit him to be outwitted. In addition to the satisfaction we derive from this breezy book, “The Convict-Ship” teaches us the advantages of extreme assurance by the example of the heroine, and the drawbacks of extreme insurance by that of the hero.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

For months past the dramatic world has been worried with questions and answers about Sudermann's "Heimath." "Have you read 'Heimath'?" Ah, but you should see 'Heimath,' the great German play by the great German dramatist. Every London manager was pestered to do a version of "Heimath." Every leading actress was implored to study the heroine of "Heimath." The play was translated into all modern languages, and those who were ignorant of the author and his claims have been excused if they considered Sudermann was a second Shakspeare. This is an age of booms. The Ibsen boom and the Maeterlinck boom having succeeded fairly well, why not a boom in Sudermann?

Behold! we have seen "Heimath" in its French dress, and, so far as the mere play is concerned, it would be difficult to sit out greater twaddle. It is mere penny journal romance, the kind of kitchen stuff that is served up to the maids when they are not in the garden hanging out the clothes.

The essence of the story is provincialism, German provincialism, and of the dreariest possible kind. A bigoted old brute called Schwarz rules his family with a rod of iron. He has been a colonel in the army, and he brings his martinet manners to his own fireside. Everyone is afraid of this irritating old tyrant. He has worried one wife into her grave, and the second would be on the high road to the same rest if she had the courage of a mouse. But she, like the rest of them, kisses the rod. All bow down before this ugly domestic idol—all but Magda, who is a daughter of spirit. She refuses to be bullied into provincial respectability, and so when the father tries to force her into a detested marriage with an oily person, Magda, the girl with the independent spirit, goes out at the back door and votes for freedom as against slavery. This revolt of Magda gives her old colonel father his first sharp warning of paralysis.

At first the world does not go very well with Magda. She throws in her lot with Keller, a selfish student, for whom "she keeps house," according to the Tanqueray euphemism, and after a brief and sunny interlude a child is born to Magda, when her cowardly lover has deserted her. The mere fact of maternity saves Magda from despair. She has something to live for now, and she prospers amazingly. She discovers that she has a voice, and becomes a great operatic star. Before this she has sunk so low as to beg in the streets and give her services to the lowest music-halls. But behold Magda after ten years' banishment from home returned back a kind of jewelled prodigal to ask her father's blessing! The scene is preposterous in its extravagance of contrast. Would an opera singer who knows her father, his ways, and his idiosyncrasies, flash into this provincial household in low-necked dresses, fur-lined robes, gorgeous cloaks, and both hands and neck a mass of sparkling jewellery? But this is the play. Even an opera singer sometimes puts on modest attire, and it is inconceivable that such a clever woman as this would not at least study the situation. And now comes the absurdity of the story. Magda is absolutely independent. She has won her way in the world by her own effort and without help from anyone. Why should she go back to dull respectability and provincialism at the bidding of this stiff-necked old tyrant? It is the last thing in the world that she would do, I take it. But suddenly the painted butterfly becomes once more under the sway of the priggish parson and the hectoring colonel, and in the rest of respectability, smug, religious and self-conscious as anyone, Magda discovers the hypocrite who has ruined her and would keep their secret dark. Tediously, and with an iteration of boredom, the father discovers to his horror that Magda's life has not been immaculate. Why this virtuous horror? What on earth does the old man expect if he does not believe that dresses grow upon hedgerows and diamond rings are dug up in the garden? The Puritanical old colonel, bit by bit, by cross-questioning and crooked answering, discovers that the godly Keller is the father of his daughter's illegitimate child. At once he exercises his parental authority, and insists that Magda shall marry the man she loathes. To do so would be contrary to her whole nature and principles, but she seems to consent until her ex-lover and future husband proposes that for respectability's sake their love-child should be put out of the way and forgotten. On this proposition Magda rounds on the hypocritical Keller and calls him a beast, whereupon her father threatens to shoot his child if she continues to be as obstinate as he is himself. Luckily for justice, another attack of paralysis unnerves the old

scoundrel's pistol arm, and when he is well out of the world Magda very sensibly shakes provincialism and humbug out of her skirts and departs for Bohemia with her little sister, the most delightful little humbug conceivable, prepared to worship the reigning idol if it be father, mother, sister, or aunt.

But silly and suburban as is the play it has one redeeming quality in that it gives Sarah Bernhardt a chance for some of her finest and most inspired acting. She can do very little with the play until the scene where she meets the student lover who has abandoned her, and with intense sarcasm glories in the shame he has inflicted on her in that he has made her a mother. This was a superb moment. The divine Sarah certainly had her opportunity in that one scene. The effect was electrical, and the audience rose at her. Almost as fine was the last scene with the father, when Magda preaches the gospel of emancipation and the pride of sex. What, then, is the verdict? A poor play, magnificently acted, except by the old father, whose art is rough and ill-disciplined.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE "ALCESTIS" AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

All that could make a Greek play realistic distinguished the four performances of Euripides' "Alcestis" at Bradfield College. The open-air theatre was filled each day with interested spectators, who enjoyed the novel surroundings



THE PERFORMANCE OF "ALCESTIS" AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

equally with the unusual nature of the drama enacted. Mr. Wood Hill filled the rôle of Alkestis most adequately; the Warden of the College, Dr. Gray, was Admetus; Mr. Lomas was an excellent Hercules; and the subordinate part of a servant was played very well by Mr. Koppel. The elocutionary ability which distinguished all the actors was a great tribute to the training and study bestowed on the preparation of the play. The orchestral accompaniment of flutes and lyres was peculiarly suitable, and as nearly as possible reflected the old methods employed by the Greeks. The choral odes were carefully rendered by a band of Phærean elders under the able leadership of Mr. Jones. The tickets were marked in Greek letters denoting the position of the seats, and the play commenced to the sound of a trumpet. The visitor could easily imagine that he was in the circular theatre at the foot of the Acropolis at Athens, while the warm sunshine made the illusion still more reminiscent of a Greek performance. All concerned in the play did so well, and the authorities at Bradfield College were so hospitable, that there was nothing but enjoyment during the four days.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

It is a little more than twelve years since Ranavalona III., the present sovereign, was raised to the throne and immediately afterwards married by Rainilaiarivony, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, the Warwick and Queen-Maker of Madagascar. He has, however, not found her quite so plastic in his hands and subservient to his wishes as the estimable lady who formerly enjoyed the honour. Having become a Christian while under the instruction of the missionaries of the London Society, she zealously follows in the paths of kindness and benevolence which her illustrious predecessor Ranavalona the Good so notably trod before her. But, though still very young, she manifests far more independence of character, and rumour has it that the disagreements between herself and the Prime Minister have of late become more marked.

She came to the throne in 1883, when the last war had just broken out, and it was her duty on several occasions during its progress to appear before the assembled thousands of her warriors, and stimulate them by a few energetic and stirring words to a brave defence of their fatherland. "I am a woman," she said; "but I have the heart of a man, and I myself will stand up and lead you to fight with those who would take away our land. God forbid that we should become slaves of the foreigner." Quite recently there has been another great Kabary, at which the Queen made use of similar patriotic language amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude. As the danger becomes more imminent the spirit of patriotism apparently grows, and it would not be surprising, notwithstanding the rumours of treachery and the signs of terror and disorganisation which have begun to appear, if the Hovas are stirred up to a desperate resistance, and force the French to stay their hand until the arrival of more reinforcements from home.

CHURCHYARD BOTTOM WOOD, HIGHGATE.

The surveyor and his ally, the omnivorous suburban builder, with their rods and tapes, already have their eye upon Churchyard Bottom, Highgate, and unless the hand of the destroyer be stayed at once the wood will be given its edging of "neat villas" along Muswell Hill Road, and forty-foot roads through the heart of the wood will do the rest. Churchyard Bottom, like the sister wood, Gravel Pit, is one of the few remnants of the great forest of Middlesex.

"A well-wooded chase, having good covert for harts, bucks, does, boars, and wild bulls," an old chronicler calls it, and he goes on to speak of "pastures and plain meadows with brooks running through them, turning water-wheels with a pleasant noise." The pastures and plain meadows are now rows of shops and suburban villas, and the brooks are becomesewer-ways. The bishops no longer hunt through the glades, and the pit where plague-stricken citizens of London were buried in 1665 is now a charming wooded dell. About ten years ago the sixty-eight acres of Gravel Pit Wood (better known in old days as Brewhouse Wood) were saved and handed over in perpetuity to the public by the Commissioners. Now it is the adjoining wood of fifty-one acres—Churchyard Bottom—that is threatened. The two woods are really one. A road alone divides them, and only by saving Churchyard Bottom can the sylvan beauty be preserved of this nearest woodland retreat for the denizens of crowded, dreary Holloway, Islington, and Clerkenwell. A strong local committee, comprising the Vicar of Muswell Hill, the Congregational minister of

Crouch End, members of the District Council, and leading residents, has been formed to approach the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and seek by friendly negotiation to avert what would be a calamity to all North London.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW.

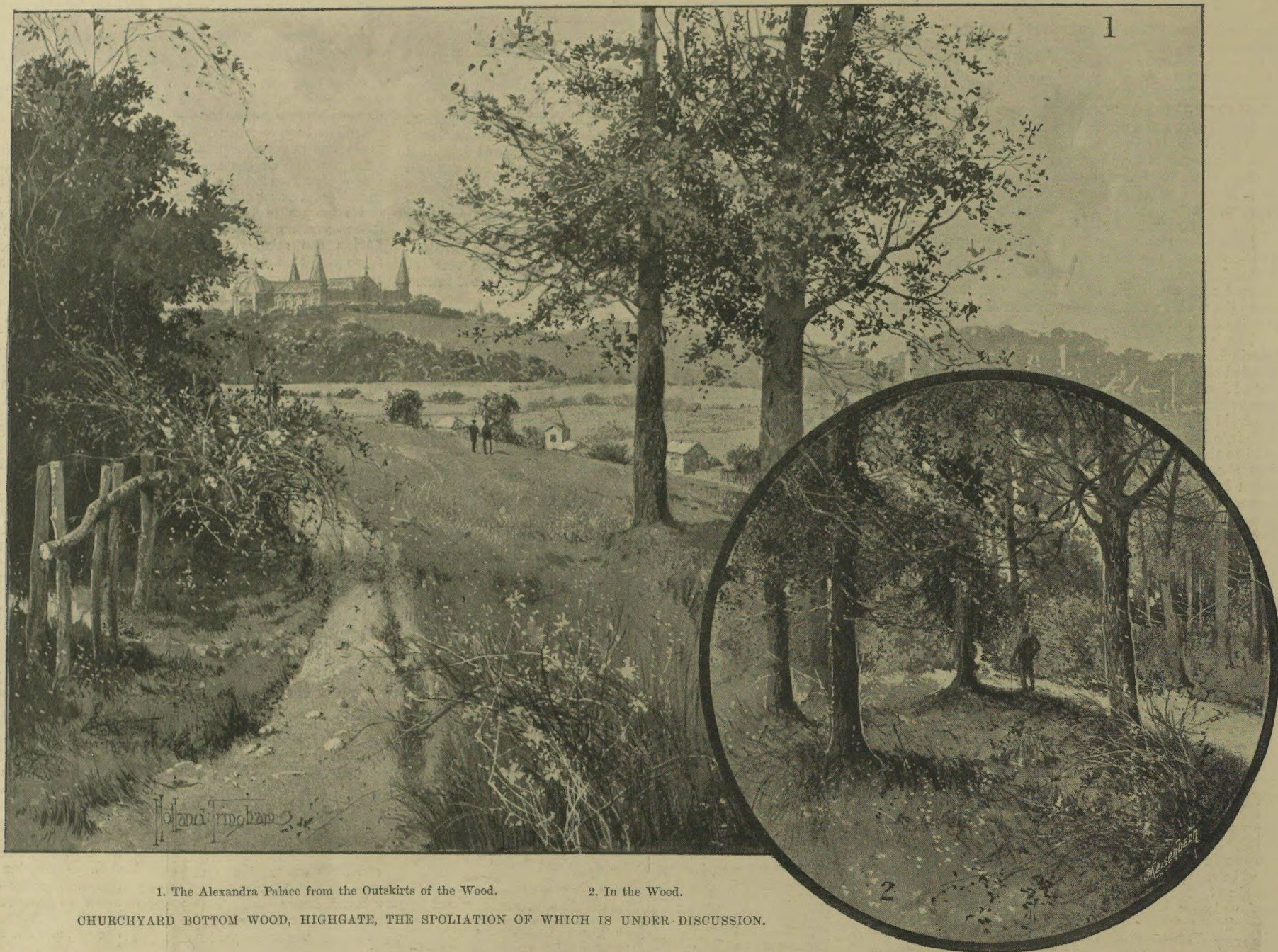
The first dog-show of the Ladies' Kennel Association was held in the pretty grounds of the Ranelagh Club, at Barn Elms, on Saturday, June 8. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Maud were present during part of the proceedings, and the Princess gave away the prize to "The Champion of Champions." A first prize was won by her Royal Highness for a collie exhibited by the Princess. The whole of the fittings of the show belonged to the "Old Calabar" Biscuit Co., Ltd., who supplied their famous food for the benefit of the dogs exhibited, to the general satisfaction of both owners and animals.

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

The war in Chitral has left some smouldering embers. The tribesmen continue to trouble the British forces. In the neighbourhood of Dargai, about five hundred Mohmand Khels collected, and precautions had to be taken to prevent sudden attack. An incident in the late campaign is illustrated in our Issue, and will serve as an historical record.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: CAEN.

We alluded in a recent issue to the beauties found in the ancient city of Caen, so that there is no need to dilate on the subject of our Illustration further than to say that antiquaries will revel in such a building as the Abbaye aux Hommes. The oldest church in Caen is St. Etienne-le-Vieux. Visitors should visit 148, Rue St. Jean, which stands on the site of the house where Charlotte Corday matured her plans for emancipating France from Marat.



1. The Alexandra Palace from the Outskirts of the Wood.

2. In the Wood.

CHURCHYARD BOTTOM WOOD, HIGHGATE, THE SPOILIATION OF WHICH IS UNDER DISCUSSION.



SKETCHES AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION'S FIRST SHOW, AT THE RANELAGH CLUB, BARN ELMS.



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION: THE SIEGE OF RESHUN.

Sketch by Mr. A. D. Greenhill Gardyne.

PERSONAL.

Sir Gilbert Carter, Governor of Lagos, has engaged in a lively controversy with Bishop Tugwell, of the Aborigines Protection Society, about the gin traffic in West Africa. Sir Gilbert maintains that the importation of alcohol into West Africa is necessary to the colonial revenue. He says the gin is "wholesome," and "palatable," and attributes the attitude of the missionaries to the failure of Christianity among the natives. The Moslem religion is, in his opinion, the best safeguard of social morality in that part of the world. To this it is replied that the trade in gin has practically driven other commodities out of the local markets, as the natives prefer to barter their products for alcohol alone. If the importation of gin were prohibited, the revenue would be recruited by a more legitimate trade, and the people would not be demoralised by drunkenness.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Edward Bignold, J.P., D.L., who died on May 19, was an important figure in the civic life of Norwich. He was the son of the late Sir Samuel Bignold, who represented Norwich in Parliament for some time. Colonel Bignold was not only Mayor of Norwich, but he was the leader of the Conservative party in the town, and exercised considerable influence in other ways. He was a county



Photo by Albert G. Coe.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BIGNOLD.

magistrate. He died at his residence, Harford Lodge, and his funeral was of a public nature, showing the esteem in which the Mayor was held.

The Shahzada is said to have received instructions from his father to prolong his stay in England. He is certainly acquiring a great deal of useful information, though there are some of our manners and customs which he cannot bring himself to admire. Dancing, for instance, strikes him as undignified, and the ball costumes of ladies have shocked his sense of propriety. He is reported to have as poor an opinion of the beauty of Englishwomen as M. Daudet; but he is deeply impressed by the magazine rifle.

Two testimonials are being organised for the benefit of Dr. W. G. Grace. The *Daily Telegraph* has started a National Shilling Fund, and the Marylebone Cricket Club has opened a separate subscription. The newspapers are still full of eulogies of "W. G.," both in prose and verse. Perhaps the most delightful tribute is a letter from a judicial admirer, aged twelve, who speaks of the champion cricketer as "an exceedingly careful batter." That twelve-year-old ought to grow up to be an ideal umpire.

Our contemporary the *Graphic* has just issued the first number of its new weekly paper, entitled the *Golden Penny*. Its contents are sufficiently varied to please a wide circle of readers, and further attractions are the prize competitions which are provided to exercise the surplus ingenuity of its clients. With the initial number of the *Golden Penny* was presented a coloured portrait of the Queen as a child.

Miss Cissy Loftus has returned from America and brought back with her more than her old charm. Her art has refined and her gifts are greater than before. No one who has an evening to spare should miss the Palace entertainment, particularly when this delightful little lady imitates Hayden Coffin and Letty Lind.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John Hayter, the veteran painter, who has passed away at the ripe age of ninety-five. Born with the century, he early attained fame, and was a

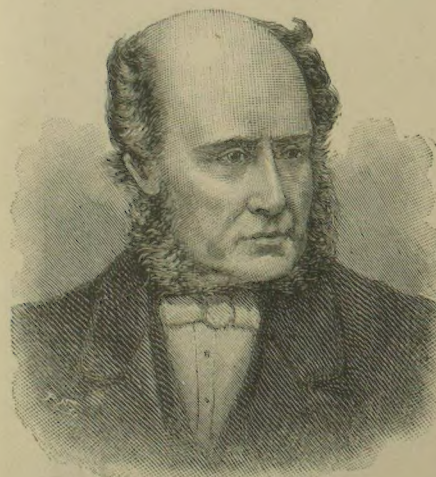


Photo by Dickinson Bros.
THE LATE MR. JOHN HAYTER.

Amy Robsart, proving that his hand had not lost its cunning. He had seen pass away most of the beauties whom he painted for the Court Album. Princesses, poets, and statesmen have each in turn sat in the old carved chair in his studio in Harley Street. Many were the anecdotes Mr. Hayter could tell of the "Iron Duke," and of the Court where he had spent so many days. He took part in that famous Eglinton Tournament, where the beauty of all England mustered together. Some of his best water-colour drawings are in the possession of the Duke of Portland.

Yorkshiremen, and especially the inhabitants of Knaresborough, will miss for many a day the kindly face and generous influence of Mr. Basil Thomas Woodd, who died on June 4. He was the son of the late Mr. B. G. Woodd, and was born on July 7, 1815, so that he was within a few days of his eightieth birthday. For several years he represented Knaresborough in Parliament. In 1853 he was appointed Deputy-Lieutenant for the West Riding. Eleven years previously he had been made a county magistrate, and in 1885 he was elected Chairman of Quarter Sessions. On the County Council he was chosen an Alderman; he was chairman of the Knaresborough Local Board, president of the Harrogate Bath Hospital, a director of the Midland Banking Company and of the Law Life Assurance Company. In many other spheres of labour his acute intellect was placed at the service of his fellow-men, and his death will leave a void which will be exceedingly difficult to fill.

The death of Sir Samuel Wilson removes an Australian millionaire who was well known in English society, partly by reason of the fact that he inhabited Hughenden Manor after Lord Beaconsfield's death. Sir Samuel represented Portsmouth in Parliament for six years. He was the son of an Irish gentleman, but resided in Victoria for a large portion of his life.

A gallant officer died on June 7 in Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Craufurd Fraser, K.C.B., V.C. The son of a distinguished soldier, he, like his two brothers, adopted a military career. For his courageous rescue of some men who were in imminent danger of drowning in the Kaptee River, Fraser won the Victoria Cross. Subsequent incidents in his career fully sustained the reputation early gained by him for bravery. He was at the Siege of Lucknow and took part in the Abyssinian War. He was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cambridge for seven years, and then became Inspector-General of Cavalry. He won North Lambeth for the Conservative party in 1886, and continued its representative till 1892. He was very popular as an unaffected, modest, and brave gentleman, possessed of much discretion and kindly feeling. He was knighted in 1891, and was sixty-five when he died in his London home, which was crowded with mementoes of his travels.

Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Roumania are thoroughly enjoying their visit to England. The Princess has been specially interested in little Prince Edward of York, who is in danger of being spoilt by the popularity he has attained already among his royal relatives.

The second Viscount Gough was the son of the Lord Gough who annexed the Punjab, and who for his brilliant services in India was three times thanked by Parliament, and received a pension of two thousand a year for three lives. His successor, who lived to the age of eighty-one, added nothing to these distinctions. As a captain of the Grenadier Guards, he saw active service in China, and received a medal. He performed the duties of High Sheriff and J.P. in Galway and Tipperary, but took no active part in

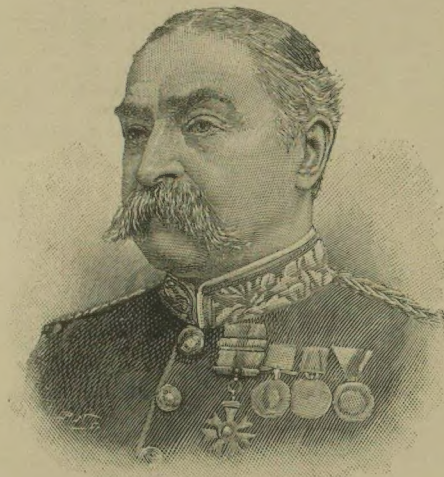


Photo by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR C. C. FRASER, V.C.

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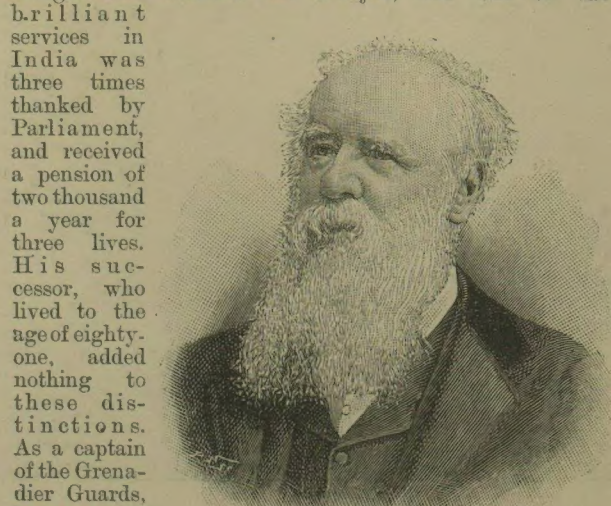


Photo by Fradelle and Young.
THE LATE VISCOUNT GOUGH.

politics. The title passes to his eldest son, the Hon. Hugh Gough, who was born in 1849, entered the diplomatic service in 1873, and is now second secretary of the British Embassy at Washington.

A picture-gallery in Old Bond Street has been the scene of a curious outrage. Mr. Thaddeus's portrait of Mr. Gladstone was mutilated by two unknown persons, who thrust their umbrellas through the canvas. It is charitable to suppose that this is the act of escaped lunatics, for otherwise it must be ascribed to a stupid malignity which is scarcely credible.

The proverbial longevity of great lawyers has its most striking illustration in the career of Sir James Bacon, who is dead in his ninety-eighth year. The old Vice-Chancellor was, perhaps, the most striking example of the invigorating stimulus which the administration of the law gives to exceptional faculties. He was over seventy when he became the first Chief Judge in Bankruptcy under the Act of 1869, and also Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery, which is now extinct. He retired from active service in 1886, though even at the age of ninety there was no indication of any mental decay. Sir James had a peculiar humour, which was displayed in his sententious notes of cases sent to the Court of Appeal. Of a certain nuisance case he wrote: "Plaintiff's witnesses: Stench very bad. Defendants denied it. Mr. H— same old arguments. Myself same old answer." He had a great objection to moustaches, and when addressed by a junior counsel adorned with those appendages he professed with great gravity that he could not hear a word.

The name of the Ven. Edwards Cust will long be remembered in Yorkshire, although it is now some years since the late Archdeacon of Richmond, who has just passed away in his ninety-first year, was in active work. He completed half a century of earnest and devoted service for the Church in the North in 1890, but he retained his archdeaconry until a more recent date. Successful organisation and effective administration are common enough in our parishes now, but fifty years ago they were not, and Archdeacon Cust deserves all the credit that is due to a pioneer in the beneficent movement of reform in the life and work of the Church in parish and diocese which has spread throughout the country. He had a brilliant career at Cambridge and came out as eleventh Wrangler in 1827. It was a notable year, and Cust (or Peacock, as he then was) had as his companions in the Tripos list the late Mr. Baron Cleasby and the late Charles Simeon, who were Wranglers, and the late Vice-Chancellor Malins, who was a Junior Optime. Cust took a great interest in athletics, and a correspondent of the *Times* has already pointed out that when at Cambridge he was one of the founders of the Lady Margaret Boat Club—the first to start an eight-oared boat on the Cam. He frequently rowed with the late Bishop Selwyn.

Mr. Walter Q. Gresham, American Secretary of State, began life as a lawyer, enlisted on the Federal side in the Civil War, and rose to the rank of general. He was made a judge by General Grant, and enjoyed much esteem during his judicial work. He was Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Arthur, but in 1892 he seceded from the Republican party, and accepted the first place in the Cabinet of President Cleveland. Mr. Gresham, who was sixty-three years of age at his death, had a very high reputation for political integrity, but his name is not specially associated with any reform. He was twice a Republican candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Forbes Robertson has undertaken to design the gold casket which will enclose the address to be presented to Sir Henry Irving by the members of the theatrical profession in this country. The address will be written by Mr. Pinero. Playgoers would be glad to hear that Mr. Pinero is writing something else for the Lyceum, where a modern play from the hand of our ablest dramatist would receive a remarkable welcome.

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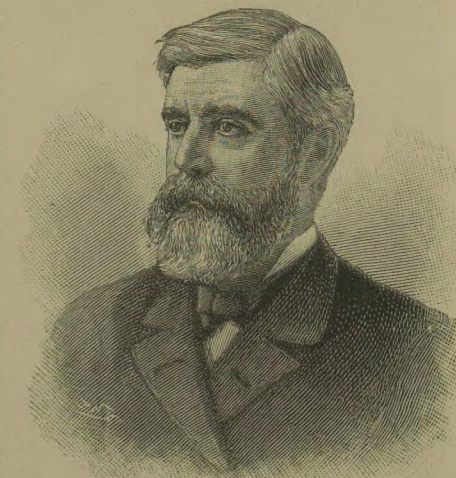


Photo by Falk.
THE LATE MR. GRESHAM.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, has been accompanied by Princess Beatrice, with Prince Henry of Battenberg and the two Princesses of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; and has received visits from Countess Erbach-Schönberg, Lady Susan Grant Suttie, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Sir John McNeill, and the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Chapel Royal in Scotland, who preached at Crathie on Sunday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, were at Sandringham from Wednesday, June 5, to Friday afternoon, when their Royal Highnesses returned to London, as did also the Duke and Duchess of York. The former next day visited the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse and Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Roumania, who were staying at Clarence House with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; they were visited by these on Sunday, and by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday, June 8, were at the first Dog Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, at Barn Elms, where her Royal Highness gave away the champion prize. The Duke and Duchess of York were at the annual meeting of the Civil Service Athletic Sports; the Duchess of York distributed the prizes there. On Monday the Prince of Wales, on board his yacht *Britannia*, was at the Regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, at Dover, and won a prize.

The visit of the Shahzada to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London and his other proceedings are separately described. At Birmingham and Manchester he has diligently inspected several manufacturing establishments, and has enjoyed some municipal hospitalities. On Tuesday, June 11, he left Manchester by the Ship Canal, and went to Liverpool. Thence he goes to Glasgow. His tour in Europe will be prolonged until September.

The Crown Prince of Siam and his brother, Ab-ha, lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Tuesday, June 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with their daughter and her husband, the Rev. Henry Dréw, came to London on Tuesday, and embarked at the docks on board the *Tantallon Castle* as guests of Sir Donald Currie, who has invited a large company of friends to see the opening of the Baltic Canal, and to visit Copenhagen.

The Cambridge University Mathematical Tripos, issued on June 11, makes the Senior Wrangler Mr. Thomas John P'Anson Bromwich, of St. John's College; Mr. John Hilton Grace, of Peterhouse, Second Wrangler, bracketed with Mr. Edmund Taylor Whitaker, of Trinity; also Messrs. Charles Godfrey, of Trinity, fourth; Godfrey H. A. Wilson, of Clare College, fifth; and Francis A. Howard, of Pembroke, sixth. Of the lady mathematicians, the wranglership is won by Miss N. A. L. Thring, of Newnham College, while Girton students are ranked as Senior Optimes.

The trustees and subscribers to Mansfield College, Oxford, at their meeting on June 11, resolved to provide a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. Dale, with an endowed special lectureship on theology or ecclesiastical polity.

A four days' conference of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was opened by the Earl of Derby at Preston, Lancashire, on June 11, to consider how the farmers may improve their position by using home-grown cereals for the feeding of dairy stock and the production of milk and butter.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, President of the Local Government Board, on June 11 received a deputation from over two hundred Boards of Poor-law Guardians, to urge the need of an inquiry by Government into the working of the laws concerning vagrants or tramps, whose numbers since 1884 have greatly increased, and are now estimated at nearly ten thousand yearly.

In the French Chamber of Deputies on June 10 there was a debate on the administration of foreign affairs, the Government being accused of unworthily surrendering the honour and interests of France by joining on the one hand with Russia and Germany in their opposition to the terms of peace between China and Japan, and on the other hand by accepting the German invitation to send ships of the French Navy to the opening of the Baltic Canal. M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, vindicated the action of the Government, which obtained a vote of confidence, passed by the large majority of 362 against 105. The President of the Republic ended his tour of official visits to the south-eastern departments of France, and was well received at Bordeaux.

The Paris meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects of Great Britain, opened at the Sorbonne, or ancient University of Paris, on June 11, was courteously welcomed by the French scientific and practical mechanicians, Admiral Charles Duperré being president of the Reception Committee. Lord Brassey made an excellent speech, in French, to acknowledge these civilities, as well as the merits and achievements of French nautical engineering; and Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador, spoke at the dinner afterwards in a spirit of friendly pleasantry and of cordial goodwill towards the French nation.

The city of Vienna appears to be in a very disturbed condition, and the civic municipality being found incompetent to keep order, has been superseded by an imperial decree. Great Socialist riots have taken place in the Prater, or public park.

The Italian Parliament was opened at Rome on June 10 by King Humbert, whose speech declared that Italy was on friendly terms with all the other nations of Europe, and

was pleased to have the goodwill of England in her operations in Africa. Measures of financial economy were recommended to the attention of the Chamber. The Deputy for Rimini, Signor Luigi Ferrari, who was shot by an Anarchist assassin there, has died of his wound.

The Greek Ministry of M. Tricoupi resigned on June 10 in consequence of the adverse result of the Parliamentary elections and a hostile vote of the Chamber at Athens; and M. Theodore Delyanni has been charged by the King to form a new Ministry.

The Government of the Sultan of Turkey, unable to maintain its attitude of uncompromising resistance to the demands of Great Britain, Russia, and France for a thorough reform in the administration of the oppressed Armenian provinces, has undergone a change by the Sultan's decree of June 8 depriving the Grand Vizier, Djeyad Pasha, of his high office as Prime Minister, which has been taken by Said Pasha, late Minister of Foreign Affairs. But no reply was made to the Note of the Great Powers, presented on May 11, which has now been published in full, and which prescribes a very exact and complete scheme for the government of "the six Vilayets"—namely, those of Erzeroum, Bitlis, Van, Sivas, Mamouret-ul-Aziz, and Diarbekir, with the appointment of Valis, or provincial governors—to be approved by the foreign Powers—and of Mutessarifs, Caimacams, Mudirs, and other district or communal rulers, a certain proportion of whom shall be



Photo by W. and D. Downey.

THE LATE MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

Miss Emily Faithfull, who has died at the age of sixty, was well known for her work as an organiser of industrial employments for women. For many years she had a printing-press, from which, among other publications, she issued the *Victoria Magazine*. Miss Faithfull was very popular as a lecturer both in this country and in the United States, and she wrote some lively impressions of American society. One of her gifts was a singularly musical voice, which she used with great effect on the platform, though it was heard to even better advantage in private readings. Miss Faithfull had many friends in the theatrical profession, and a nephew of hers is Mr. Rutland Barrington.

Christians; also regulations for the police and gendarmerie, the courts of law and the prisons, and for the control of the Kurdish tribes; the whole to be superintended by a High Commission, in concert with the Great Powers of Europe.

Thunderstorms, with sudden heavy rains, causing great floods, have done much damage in Würtemberg, Upper Austria, and the Tyrol, also in Hungary, with loss of life, destruction of cattle and crops, and the prospect of a spoiled harvest. A coal-mine explosion in Upper Silesia on June 10 has destroyed a large number of lives, as five or six hundred men were working underground. The King of Würtemberg has visited Balingen and other places in the afflicted districts of that country, superintending active measures for the relief of distress.

A special silver dollar of Queen Victoria's coinage, with inscriptions in Chinese and Malay characters, is about to be issued for trade use in the Straits Settlements, Singapore, and at Hong-Kong and those parts; it will be coined at the Bombay Mint.

The Chinese Government loan of sixteen millions sterling, to bear four per cent. interest, guaranteed by Russia, has been undertaken by a syndicate of five French bankers. Meantime, the treaty of commerce between Russia and Japan has been signed.

The Japanese naval force and troops have broken up the insurgent bands in the northern part of the island of Formosa, recently ceded by the Chinese Empire to Japan, and have occupied the seaport town of Keelung; but rioters have destroyed many buildings at Tai-peh-fu, and plundered Government property to a large amount.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XV.—A MOORLAND FIRE.

The frosts of last winter—that terrible, pitiless winter—killed down two-thirds of the gorse in England; and now that summer has come again, the dry brown branches stand bare and leafless in mute accusation in every moor and common in the country. Only an exceptionally hardy bush here and there puts forth in a straggling and tentative fashion a few timid shoots, or struggles ineffectually into feeble bloom on a protected bough or so. The bumble-bees wander about, disconsolate, like the hungry sheep in "Lycidas," and are not fed; thousands and thousands of them have died this spring from so unexpected a failure of their staple food-stuff. Honey and pollen have been quoted for the bees at starvation prices. We have natural selection here on a large scale in actual action before our very eyes: only the hardiest furze-bushes have this year survived the bitter frost; only the busiest, strongest, and most enterprising bumble-bees are now surviving the serious loss of their accustomed provender. Even heather has suffered much; which is a surprising fact; for heather belongs to a high sub-arctic type, that spreads in both its familiar British forms far north into Scotland, Scandinavia, and even Russia; while gorse, a shrub of much more southern and western nature, is rare in the Highlands, unknown in Norway or Sweden, and, in its smaller form at least, incapable of enduring the severe winters of Germany to the east of the Rhine.

As a consequence of this dryness and deadness of the gorse, and to some extent of the heather-tops, heath fires have raged this spring in England with a fierceness and commonness I have never seen equalled. Every year, of course, especially about Eastertide, when furze and heather are normally at their driest, owing to the winter sleep, heath fires are frequent enough in times of drought on all sandy moorlands. But as a rule they cease altogether for the year when the gorse begins to burgeon and the heath to send up its long green summer shoots; as the sap mounts in the plants and the spiky leaves grow green, the amount of moisture in stem and branches suffices to preserve the commons and moors from the danger of burning. This summer, however, the dead dry gorse-bushes catch a spark like tinder; and in the district where I live, among pines and heather, we have been nightly surrounded for many weeks by constant heath fires. Sometimes, perhaps, they are kindled of malice prepense, or out of pure boyish mischief; more often, however, I fancy they are due to mere human carelessness in flinging down a match among the arid fuel. A bicyclist's cigarette thrown lightly by the roadside, a labourer's pipe turned out casually upon the footpath, any such small thing is enough to set it going; and once lighted, the flames spread before the wind with astonishing rapidity, licking up with their fiery tongues whole leagues of dry gorse, and leaping with frantic glee and in crackling haste from bough to bough of the pines and hollies.

It is a strange sight indeed to see at night one of these lurid deluges, sweeping onward irresistibly, amid clouds of smoke and loud snapping of boughs, on its work of devastation. Terrible as it all is, it is yet beautiful while it lasts: the red sibilant flames, the fierce glare on the sky, the beaters beating it down on its leeward edge with branches of pine-trees, and silhouetted in black against the bright glow of the fire, all unite to make up a weird and intensely impressive picture. But to the beasts and birds whose home is on the moor it is a cataclysm inexpressible, appalling, unthinkable. Lizards run before the advancing phalanx of flames in trembling terror till it catches them by the hundred, and calcines them as they run into fine white ashes; rats squeal from their holes in the bank with piteous screams of agony, as they are slowly roasted alive by the remorseless inundation; rabbits wait in silence in their stifling burrows, and are burned without one sound, for, true to their instincts, they prefer to meet death in their own scorching homes rather than expose themselves to the dogs who follow every fire, and pounce with mad joy on hapless creatures that run for dear life from its devouring onslaught.

Next day—ah! next day, the area over which the flames have swept is pitiful to behold: blackened soil, charred bushes, naked boughs of burnt fir-trees. Among them, one morning, I saw a poor belated squirrel, exposed on the open, and picking his way painfully over the smoking ground. Beneath his paws the loose black peat still smouldered sullenly. With dazed and doubtful steps, like a stupefied thing, he picked his way among the burning tufts. He had lost his mate, no doubt—his mate, and his little ones. The whole world he knew had been blotted out and effaced in one wild half-hour of indescribable terrors. Now he walked gingerly on tip-toe over the burning soil, as you and I might walk over the ashes of Mayfair if a fissure eruption had spread hot sheets of lava above the site of London. Just such a catastrophe to my squirrel was that awful night's work. He was stunned and mazed by it. I thought, indeed, for a time he was half dead and roasted, till a dog ran after him; then, quick as lightning, he darted up a charred tree, and looked down from the bare boughs upon his baffled pursuer. But none of the usual sly triumph was there in his look; the manifold experiences of that deadly night had killed all slyness and all archness out of him for ever. He wandered like a ghost among the blackened branches; his universe was gone; his life was blasted. I never saw a more pathetic sight, nor one that brought home to me in sadder colours the ruthlessness of nature.

MR. COWEN'S NEW OPERA, "HAROLD."

The production of "Harold" at Covent Garden on Saturday, June 8, was naturally an occasion of considerable interest to an English public. Mr. Cowen stands

portion of this book more interestingly written than the lyrical; it has a very curious quality of baldness and unreality.

Mr. Cowen's music is, we may begin by saying, quite unlike the Cowen of popular fame, the Cowen of "The Better Land," and of many another ballad for domestic consumption. The music of "Harold" is all austerity; its composer runs away from the slightest obviousness of melody as though it were sinful to look upon its charms. He never takes you into his confidence, and he indulges in a passionate delight for bewildering his hearers. "Ah," they say, at the beginning of some melodious phrase, "this sounds comfortable." And in a trice Mr. Cowen has whipped away the poor thing with its little life unfulfilled, killed by some remarkable "musicianly" figuration, leaving his audience gasping

in the most interesting and convenient manner. You might just as fairly argue that the stage illusion of the evening star in "Tannhäuser," or the yet more important stage illusion of the Grail in "Parsifal," is an anachronism because electric light was not known several hundred years ago; or, to put it more obviously, you might object to Albani acting the part of Edith because she was not born at the date of the Norman Conquest. For the rest, Madame Albani was at her best; Mr. David Bispham was a vigorous Duke William; and Mr. Richard Green and Miss Meisslinger were adequate. M. Brozel was unfortunately suffering from the odd disease known as stage-fright; it was a pity, seeing that he was cast for the part of Harold.

On Monday night, June 10, M. Maurel made his first appearance in opera for the season in "Falstaff." It was a notable occasion, chiefly on account of this actor's extremely fine rendering of the title-part. Nothing could have been more thoughtful, more clever, or more brilliant. It is true that M. Maurel's voice is not particularly strong or even attractive. It is his method of utilising it which makes him one of the greatest among operatic singers and actors. On Tuesday, June 11, Patti never was there such enthusiasm, such applause, or so many flowers. From first to last a wondering and very fervent public followed her steps with their suffrages



THE DISCOVERY OF HAROLD'S BODY ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF HASTINGS.

among the few acknowledged representatives of that mysterious entity known by the title of "English music"; and Sir Edward Malet's position alone sufficed to attract the interest, at least, of those whose fashionable patronage helps to make the Italian opera at Covent Garden just the thing it is. Of Sir Edward Malet's part in the collaboration it may at once be said that he has produced a book which, at all events, contains a simple, coherent, and intelligible plot. He has not surrounded his intention in this respect with any cumbersome and impossible details such as are to be found in nearly all the commoner *libretti* of this or any other time. He tells his story plainly and straightforwardly; we wish that we could add that he tells it with any literary tact or feeling. It is unfortunate that his vocabulary is limited, and that, outside the somewhat obvious list of flowers, birds, vegetables, and the planets, he has practically no sense of imagery at all. As thus—

The morn is light on leaf and flower,
The doves are cooing.

Or—
Oh! bind the flowers and hang them fair
In fragrant posies.

Or—
I see thee watch the happy birds,
I hear the echo of the words
Thou breathest to the silent roses.

And so forth, and so forth. Nor is the mere narrative

and confounded. The score is really clever: it is full of ingenuity and attractive device; it abounds in qualities which are particularly infrequent among "English musicians"—a fullness of orchestration, and a determined tendency towards emphasising the dramatic moment. Its one fault is as we have described it. Mr. Cowen refuses to be attractive; he will be clever, ingenious, delicate, what you will—he will not try to please.

The mounting of the opera was superb. An absurd outcry has been made because the reliquary containing a saint's body, in the second act, was illuminated by electric light; and critics have been gravely informing Sir Augustus Harris that electric light was not discovered in the year 1066. The thing is a stage illusion, of course. The light is supposed to be miraculous, and must be produced



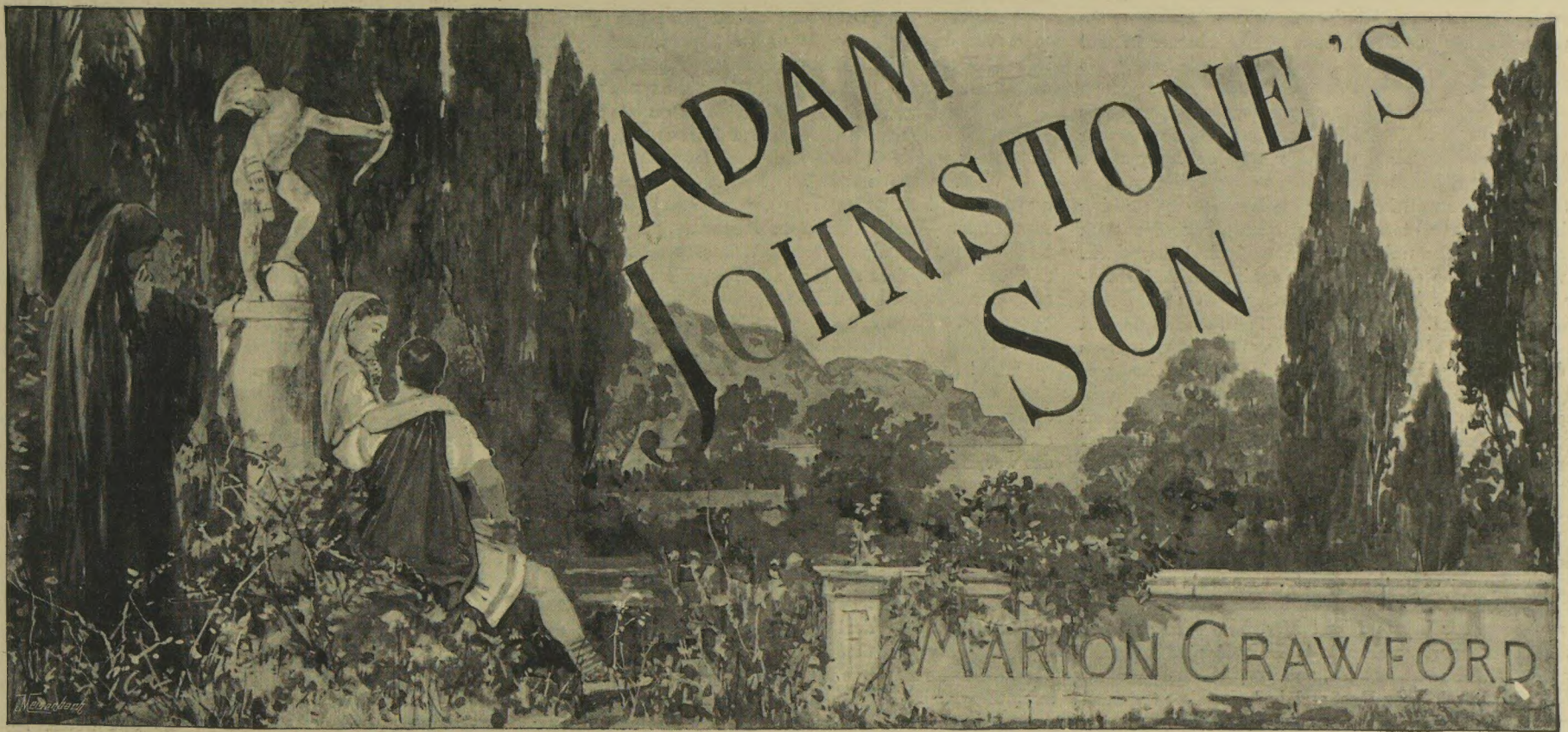
HAROLD SWEARING ON THE BONES OF A SAINT TO SUPPORT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY'S CLAIM TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

as if she were "dea certe." Her jewels flashed, her voice—weakened though it is by the mere passage of time—was brilliant and exquisite, she acted with distinction; and, in a word, she was all the sensation that prophecy had made probable. It is true that "La Traviata" is not a very inspiring opera; but Patti is unique as Violetta, and that, for our purposes, is enough.

Nothing could well have been more brilliant than the production of "Falstaff" on Monday. Of M. Maurel's share in the matter we have spoken; but it is to be recorded also that the whole company worked splendidly together in the production of as fine a performance of this great work as man could well wish for. Giulia Ravogli, as Dame Quickly, repeated a former triumph, but with a difference, that on this occasion she was thoroughly "into" her part; the humour was never forced, and the humour was always genuine. Madame Zélie de Lussan was very charming as Anne Page, acting with gaiety, singing with ease and intelligence, and looking the part perfectly. Signor de Lucia, as Fenton, was inclined to be somewhat self-conscious; but all the other minor parts were very adequately filled. The comedy is so exquisite, the music so delicate, that it would take a very little roughness and stupidity to ruin the whole. It is therefore all the more creditable that so enthusiastic an opinion as this can be conscientiously recorded. Signor Mancinelli conducted,



DUKE WILLIAM: "Thanks for thy song, fair lady.
Now, in return, we'll sing to thee
A legend of our land of Normandy."



CHAPTER XII.

Brook felt in his pocket mechanically for his pipe, as a man who smokes generally takes to something of the sort at great moments of his life, from sheer habit. He went through the operation of filling and lighting with great precision, almost unconscious of what he was doing, and presently he found himself smoking and sitting on the wall just where Clare had leaned against it during their interview. In three minutes his pipe had gone out, but he was not aware of the fact, and sat quite still in his place staring into the shrubbery which grew at the back of the terrace.

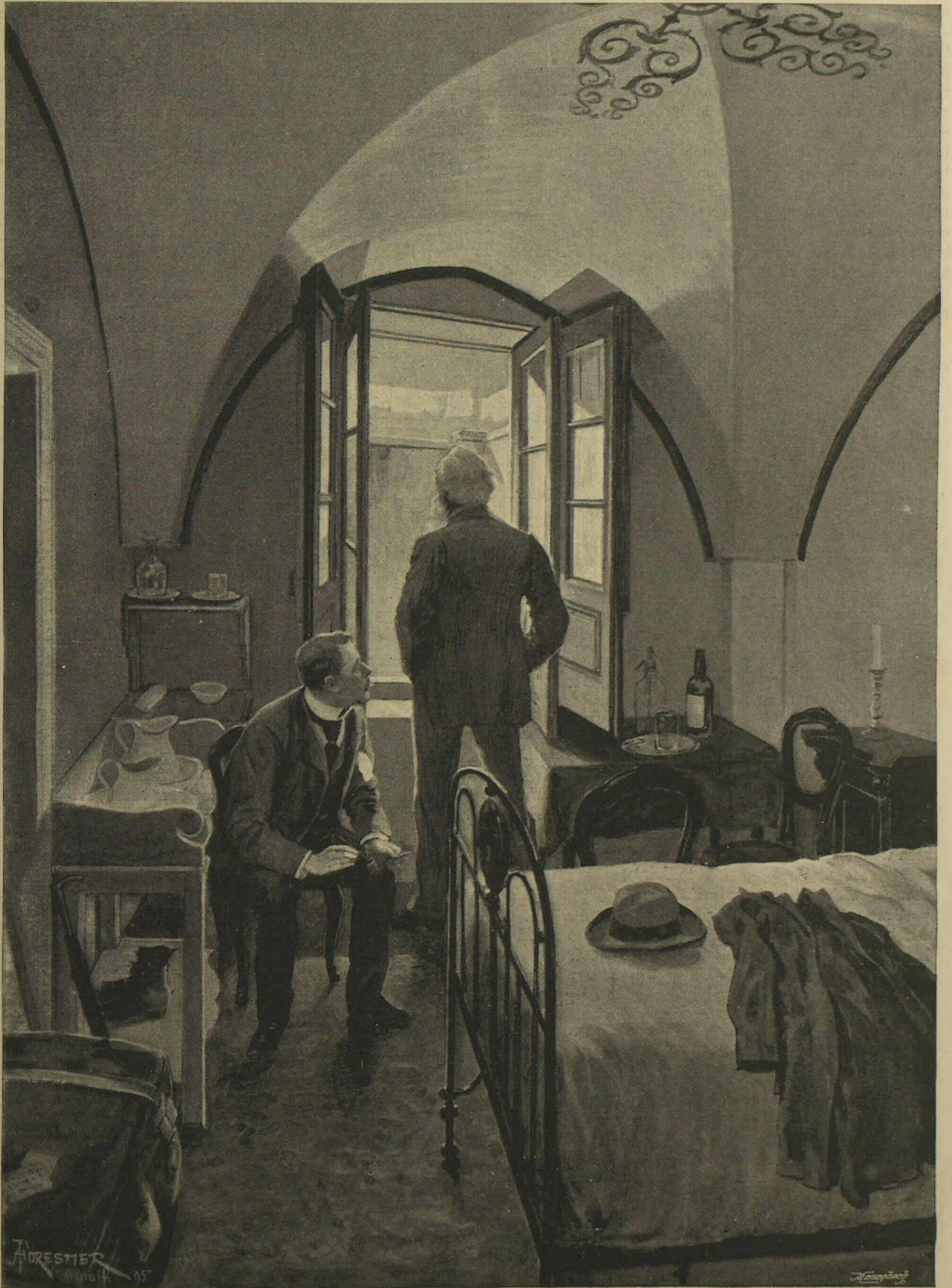
He was conscious that he had talked and acted wildly and quite unlike the self with which he had been long acquainted, and the consciousness was anything but pleasant. He wondered where Clare was and what she might be thinking of him at that moment, but as he thought of her his former mood returned and he felt that he was not ashamed of what he had done and said. Then he realised all at once, for the second time, that Clare had been on the platform on that first night, and he tried to recall everything that Lady Fan and he had said to each other.

No such thing had ever happened to him before, and he had a sensation of shame and distress and anger, as he went over the scene, and thought of the innocent young girl who had sat in the shadow and heard it all. She had actually crowned the broad, clear line of demarcation which he drew between her kind and all the tribe of Lady Fans and Mrs. Cairngorms whom he had known. He felt somehow as though it were his fault, and as though he were responsible to Clare for what she had heard and seen. The sensation of shame deepened, and he swore bitterly under his breath. It was one of those things which could not be undone, and for which there was no reparation possible. Yet it was like an insult to Clare. For a man who had lately been rough to the girl, almost to brutality, he was singularly sensitive, perhaps. But that did not strike him. When he had told her that he loved her he had been too much in earnest to pick and choose his expressions. But when he had spoken to Lady Fan, he might have chosen and selected and polished his phrases so that Clare should have understood nothing—if he had only known that she had been sitting up there by the cross in the dark. And again he cursed himself bitterly.

It was not because her knowing the facts had spoilt everything and given her a bad impression of him from the first: that might be set right in time, even now, and he did not wish her to marry him believing him to be an angel of light. It was that she should have seen something which she should not have seen, for her innocence's sake—something which, in a sense, must have offended and wounded her maidenliness. He would have struck any man who could have laughed at his sensitiveness about that. The worst of it—and he went back to the idea again and again—was that nothing could be done to mend matters, since it was all so completely in the past.

He sat on the wall and pulled at his briar-root pipe, which had gone out and was quite cold by this time, though he hardly knew it. He had plenty to think of, and things were not going straight at all. He had pretended indifference when his mother had told him how Lady Fan meant to get a divorce, and how she was telling her intimate friends, under the usual vain promises of secrecy, that she meant to marry

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.



"I say, Brook," he began, his back turned to his son. "What?" asked Brook, poking his knife into his pipe to clear it. "Anything wrong?"

Adam Johnstone's son as soon as she should be free. Brook had told her plainly enough that he would not marry her in any case, but he asked himself whether the world might not say that he should, and whether in that case it might not turn out to be a question of honour. He had secretly thought of that before now, and in the sudden depression of spirits which came upon him as a reaction he cursed himself a third time for having told Clare Bowring that he loved her while such a matter as Lady Fan's divorce was still hanging over him as a possibility.

Sitting on the wall he swung his legs angrily, striking his heels against the stones in his perplexed discontent with the ordering of the universe. Things looked very black. He wished that he could see Clare again, and that, somehow, he could talk it all over with her. Then he almost laughed at the idea. She would tell him that she disliked him—he was sick of the sound of the word—and that it was his duty to marry Lady Fan. What could she know of Lady Fan? He could not tell her that the little lady in the white serge, being rather desperate, had got herself asked to go with the party for the express purpose of throwing herself at his head, as the current phrase gracefully expresses it, and with the distinct intention of divorcing her husband in order to marry Brook Johnstone. He could not tell Clare that he had made love to Lady Fan to get rid of her, as another common expression puts it, with a delicacy worthy of modern society. He could not tell her that Lady Fan, who was clever but indiscreet, had unfolded her scheme to her bosom friend Mrs. Leo Cairngorm, or that Mrs. Cairngorm, unknown to Lady Fan, had been a very devoted friend of Brook's, and was still fond of him, and secretly hated Lady Fan, and had therefore unfolded the whole plan to Brook before the party had started; or that on that afternoon at sunset on the Acropolis he had not at all assented to Lady Fan's mad proposal, as he had represented that he had when they had parted on the platform at Amalfi. He could not tell Clare any of these things, for he felt that they were not fit for her to hear. And if she knew none of them she must judge him out of her ignorance. Brook wished that some supernatural being with a gift for solving hard problems would suddenly appear and set things straight.

Instead, he saw the man who brought the letters just entering the hotel, and he rose by force of habit and went to the office to see if there was anything for him.

There was one, and it was from Lady Fan, by no means the first she had written since she had gone to England. And there were several for Sir Adam and two for Lady Johnstone. Brook took them all, and opened his own at once. He did not belong to that class of people who put off reading disagreeable correspondence. While he read he walked slowly along the corridor.

Lady Fan was actually consulting a firm of solicitors with a view to getting a divorce. She said that she of course understood his conduct on that last night at Amalfi, and she would forgive him. She refused to believe that he could ruin her in cold blood, as she must be ruined if she got a divorce from Crosby and if Brook would not marry her, and much more.

Why should she be ruined? Brook asked himself. If Crosby divorced her on Brook's account, it would be another matter altogether. But she was going to divorce Crosby, who was undoubtedly a beast, and her reputation would be none the worse for it. People would only wonder why she had not done it before; and so would Crosby, unless he took it into his head to examine the question from a financial point of view. For Crosby was rich, and Lady Fan had no money of her own; and Crosby was quite willing to let her spend a good deal, provided she left him in peace. How in the world would Clare ever know all the truth about such people? It would be an insult to her to think that she could understand half of it, and she would not think the better of him unless she could understand it all. The situation did not seem to admit of any solution in that way. All he could hope for was that Clare might change her mind. When she should be older, she would understand that she had made a mistake, and that the world was not merely a high-class boarding-school for young ladies, in which all the men were employed as white-chokered professors of social righteousness. That seemed to be her impression, he thought, with a resentment which was not against her in particular, but against all young girls in general, and which did not prevent him from feeling that he would not have had it otherwise for anything in the world.

He stuffed the letter into his pocket and went in search of his father. He was strongly inclined to lay the whole matter before him, and to ask the old gentleman's advice. He had reason to believe that Sir Adam had been in worse scrapes than this when he had been a young man, and somehow or other nobody had ever thought the worse of him. He was sure to be in his room at that hour writing letters. Brook knocked and went in. It was about eleven o'clock.

Sir Adam, gaunt and grey, and clad in a cashmere dressing-jacket, was extended upon all the chairs which the little cell-like room contained, close by the open window. He had a very thick cigarette between his lips, and a half-emptied glass of brandy-and-soda stood on the corner of a table at his elbow. He had not failed to drink one brandy-and-soda every morning at eleven o'clock for at least a quarter of a century.

His keen old eyes turned sharply to Brook as the latter entered, and a smile lighted up his furrowed face, but instantly disappeared again; for the young man's features

betrayed something of what he had gone through during the last hour.

"Anything wrong, boy?" asked Sir Adam quickly. "Have a brandy-and-soda and a pipe with me. Oh, letters! It's devilish hard that the post should find a man out in this place! Leave them there on the table."

Brook relighted his pipe. His father took one leg from one of the chairs, which he pushed towards his son with his foot by way of an invitation to sit down.

"What's the matter?" he asked, renewing his question. "You've got into another scrape, have you? Mrs. Crosby—of all women in the world. Your mother told me that ridiculous story. Wants to divorce Crosby and marry you, does she? I say, boy, it's time this sort of nonsense stopped, you know. One of these days you'll be caught. There are cleverer women in the world than Mrs. Crosby."

"Oh! she's not clever," answered Brook thoughtfully.

"Well, what's the foundation of the story? What the dickens did you go with those people for when you found out that she was coming? You knew the sort of woman she was, I suppose? What happened? You made love to her, of course. That was what she wanted. Then she talked of eternal bliss together, and that sort of rot, didn't she? And you couldn't exactly say that you only went in for bliss by the month, could you? And she said, 'By Jove, as you don't refuse, you shall have it for the rest of your life,' and she said to herself that you were richer than Crosby, and a good deal younger, and better looking, and better socially, and that if you were going to make a fool of yourself she might as well get the benefit of it as well as any other woman. Then she wrote to a solicitor—and now you are in the devil of a scrape. I fancy that's the history of the case, isn't it?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk about women in that sort of way, governor!" exclaimed Brook, by way of an answer.

"Don't be an ass!" answered Sir Adam. "There are women one can talk about in that way and women one can't. Mrs. Crosby is one of the first kind. I distinguish between 'women' and 'woman.' Don't you? Woman means something to most of us—something a good deal better than we are, which we treat properly, and would cut one another's throat for. Weshinners aren't called upon to respect women who won't respect themselves. We are only expected to be civil to them because they are things in petticoats with complexions. Don't be an ass, Brook. I don't want to know what you said to Mrs. Crosby, nor what she said to you, and you wouldn't be a gentleman if you told me. That's your affair. But she's a woman with a consumptive reputation that's very near giving up the ghost, and that would have departed this life some time ago if Crosby didn't happen to be a little worse than she is. She wants to get a divorce and marry my son—and that's my affair. Do you remember the Arab and his slave? 'You've stolen my money,' said the sheikh. 'That's my business,' answered the slave. 'And I'm going to beat you,' said the sheikh. 'That's your business,' said the slave. It's a similar case, you know, only it's a good deal worse. I don't want to know anything that happened before you two parted. But I've a right to know what Mrs. Crosby has done since, haven't I? You don't care to marry her, do you, boy?"

"Marry her! I'd rather cut my throat."

"You needn't do that. Just tell me whether all this is mere talk, or whether she has really been to the solicitor's. If she has, you know, she will get her divorce without opposition. Everybody knows about Crosby."

"It's true," said Brook. "I've just had a letter from her again. I wish I knew what to do."

"You can't do anything."

"I can refuse to marry her, can't I?"

"Oh—you could. But plenty of people would say that you had induced her to get the divorce, and then had changed your mind. She'll count on that, and make the most of it, you may be sure. She won't have a penny when she's divorced, and she'll go about telling everybody that you have ruined her. That won't be pleasant, will it?"

"No—hardly. I had thought of it."

"You see, you can't do anything without injuring yourself. I can settle the whole affair in half-an-hour. By return of post you'll get a letter from her telling you that she has abandoned all idea of proceedings against Crosby."

"I'll bet you she doesn't," said Brook.

"Anything you like. It's perfectly simple. I'll just make a will, leaving you nothing at all if you marry her, and I'll send her a copy to-day. You'll get the answer fast enough."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Brook in surprise. Then he thoughtfully relighted his pipe and threw the match out of the window. "I say, governor," he added, after a pause, "so you think that's quite—well, quite fair and square, you know?"

"What on earth do you mean?" cried Sir Adam. "Do you mean to tell me that I haven't a perfect right to leave my money as I please? And that the first adventuress who takes a fancy to it has a right to force you into a disgraceful marriage, and that it would be dishonourable of me to prevent it if I could? You're mad, boy! Don't talk such nonsense to me!"

"I suppose I'm an idiot," said Brook. "Things about money so easily get a queer look, you know. It's not like other things, is it?"

"Look here, Brook," answered the old man, taking his feet from the chair on which they rested and sitting up straight in the low easy chair; "people have said a lot of things about me in my life, and I'll do the world the credit to add that it might have said twice as much with a good show of truth. But nobody ever said that I was mean or that I ever disappointed anybody in money matters who had a right to expect something of me. And that's pretty conclusive evidence, because I'm a Scotchman, and we are generally supposed to be a close-fisted tribe. They've said everything about me that the world can say except that I've told you about my first marriage. She—she got her divorce, you know. She had a perfect right to it."

The old man lit another cigarette and sipped his brandy-and-soda thoughtfully.

"I don't like to talk about money," he said in a lower tone; "but I don't want you to think me mean, Brook. I allowed her a thousand a year after she had got rid of me. She never touched it. She isn't that kind. She would rather starve ten times over. But the money has been paid to her account in London for twenty-seven years. Perhaps she don't know it. All the better for her daughter, who will find it after her mother's death and get it all. I only don't want you to think I'm mean, Brook."

"Then she married again—your first wife?" asked the young man, with natural curiosity. "And she's alive still?"

"Yes," answered Sir Adam thoughtfully. "She married again six years after I did—rather late—and she had but one daughter."

"What an odd idea!" exclaimed Brook. "To think that those two people are somewhere about the world. A sort of stray half-sister of mine the girl would be—I mean—what would be the relationship, governor, since we are talking about it?"

"None whatever," answered the old man, in a tone so extraordinarily sharp that Brook looked up in surprise. "Of course not! What relation could she be? Another mother and another father—no relation at all."

"Do you mean to say that I could marry her?" asked Brook idly.

Sir Adam started a little.

"Why—yes—of course you could, as she wouldn't be related to you."

He suddenly rose, took up his glass, and gulped down what was left in it. Then he went and stood before the open window.

"I say, Brook," he began, his back turned to his son.

"What?" asked Brook, poking his knife into his pipe to clear it. "Anything wrong?"

"I can't stand this any longer. I've got to speak to somebody—and I can't speak to your mother. You won't talk, boy, will you? You and I have always been good friends."

"Of course! What's the matter with you, governor? You can tell me."

"Oh—nothing—that is—Brook, I say, don't be startled. This Mrs. Bowring is my divorced wife, you know."

"Good God!"

Sir Adam turned on his heels and met his son's look of horror and astonishment. He had expected an exclamation of surprise; but Brook's voice had fear in it, and he had started from his chair.

"Why do you say 'Good God' like that?" asked the old man. "You're not in love with the girl, are you?"

"I've just asked her to marry me."

The young man was ghastly pale as he stood stock-still, staring at his father. Sir Adam was the first to recover something of equanimity; but the furrows in his face had suddenly grown deeper.

"Of course she has accepted you?" he asked.

"No; she knew about Mrs. Crosby." That seemed sufficient explanation of Clare's refusal. "How awful!" exclaimed Brook hoarsely, his mind going back to what seemed the main question just then. "How awful for you, governor!"

"Well, it's not pleasant," said Sir Adam, turning to the window again. "So the girl refused you," he said, musing as he looked out. "Just like her mother, I suppose, Brook?" He paused.

"Yes."

"So far as I'm concerned, it's not so bad as you think. You needn't pity me, you know. It's just as well that we should have met—after twenty-seven years."

"She knew you at once, of course?"

"She knew I was your father before I came. And, I say, Brook—she's forgiven me at last."

His voice was low and unsteady, and he resolutely kept his back turned.

"She's one of the best women that ever lived," he said. "Your mother's the other."

There was a long silence, and neither changed his position. Brook watched the back of his father's head.

"You don't mind my saying so to you, Brook?" asked the old man, hitching his shoulders.

"Mind? Why?"

"Oh—well—there's no reason, I suppose. Gad! I wish—I suppose I'm crazy, but I wish to God you could marry the girl, Brook! She's as good as her mother."

Brook said nothing, being very much astonished, as well as disturbed.

"Only—I'll tell you one thing, Brook," said the voice at the window, speaking into space. "If you do marry

her—and if you treat her as I treated her mother——” he turned sharply on both heels and waited a minute—“I’ll be damned if I don’t believe I’d shoot you!”

“I’d spare you the trouble and do it myself,” said Brook roughly.

They were men, at all events, whatever their faults had been and might be, and they looked at the main things of life in very much the same way—like father, like son. Another silence followed Brook’s last speech.

“It’s settled now, at all events,” he said in a grim way after a long time. “What’s the use of talking about it? I don’t know whether you mean to stay here. I shall go away this afternoon.”

Sir Adam sat down again in his low easy chair, and leaned forward, looking at the pattern of the tiles in the floor, his wrists resting on his knees and his hands hanging down.

“I don’t know,” he said slowly. “Let us try and look at it quietly, boy. Don’t do anything in a hurry. You’re in love with the girl, are you? It isn’t a mere flirtation? How the deuce do you know the difference at your age?”

“Gad!” exclaimed Brook, half angrily. “I know it! That’s all. I can’t live without her. That is—it’s all bosh to talk in that way, you know. One goes on living, I suppose—one doesn’t die. You know what I mean. I’d rather lose an arm than lose her—that sort of thing. How am I to explain it to you? I’m in earnest about it. I never asked any girl to marry me till now. I should think that ought to prove it. You can’t say I don’t know what married life means.”

“Other people’s married life,” observed Sir Adam grimly. “You know something about that, I’m afraid.”

“What difference does it make?” asked Brook. “I can’t marry the daughter of my father’s divorced wife.”

“I never heard of a case, simply because such cases don’t arise often. But there’s no earthly reason why you shouldn’t. There is no relationship whatever between you. There’s no mention of it in the table of kindred and affinity, I know, simply because it isn’t kindred or affinity in any way. The world may make its observation. But you may do more surprising things than marry the daughter of your father’s divorced wife when you are to have forty thousand pounds a year, Brook. I’ve found it out in my time. You’ll find it out in yours. And it isn’t as though there was the least thing about it that wasn’t all fair and square and straight and honourable and legal—and everything else, including the clergy. I suppose that the Archbishop of Canterbury wouldn’t have married me the second time, because the Church isn’t supposed to approve of divorces. But I was married in church all right, by a very good man. And Church disapproval can’t possibly extend to the second generation, you know. Oh, no. So far as its being possible goes, there’s nothing to prevent your marrying her.”

“Except Mrs. Crosby,” said Brook. “You’ll prove that she doesn’t exist either, if you go on. But all that doesn’t put things straight. It’s a horrible situation, no matter how you look at it. What would my mother say if she knew? You haven’t told her about the Bowings, have you?”

“No,” answered Sir Adam thoughtfully. “I haven’t told her anything. Of course, she knows the story, but—I don’t know. Do you think I’m bound to tell her that—who Mrs. Bowring is? Do you think it’s anything like not fair to her, just to leave her in ignorance of it? If you think so, I’ll tell her at once. That is, I should have to ask Mrs. Bowring first, of course.”

“Of course,” assented Brook. “You can’t do that, unless we go away. Besides, as things are now, what’s the use?”

“She’ll have to know, if you are engaged to the daughter.”

“I’m not engaged to Miss Bowring,” said Brook

“She won’t think the worse of you for that,” observed the old man. “But you can’t tell her—the rest. Of course not! I’ll see what I can do, Brook. I don’t believe it’s hopeless at all. I’ve watched Miss Bowring ever since we first met you two coming up. I’ll try something——”

“Don’t speak to her about Mrs. Crosby, at all events!”

“I don’t think I should do anything you wouldn’t do yourself, boy,” said Sir Adam, with a shade of reproof in his tone. “All I say is that the case isn’t so hopeless as you seem to think. Of course, you are heavily handicapped, and you are a dog with a bad name, and all the rest of it. The young lady won’t change her mind to-day, nor to-morrow either, perhaps. But she wouldn’t be a human woman if she never changed it at all.”

“You don’t know her!” Brook shook his head and began to refill his refractory pipe. “And I don’t believe you know her mother either, though you were married to her once. If she isn’t all what I think she is, she won’t let her daughter marry your son. It’s not as though anything could happen now to change the situation. It’s an old one—it’s old and set and hard like a cast. You can’t run it into a new mould and make anything else of it. Not even you, governor—and you are as clever as anybody I know. It’s a sheer question of humanity, without any possible outside incident. I’ve got two things against me which are about as serious as anything can be: the mother’s prejudice against you and the daughter’s prejudice against me—both deuced well founded, it seems to me.”

“You forget one thing, Brook,” said Sir Adam thoughtfully.

“What’s that?”

“Women forgive.”

Neither spoke for some time.

“You ought to know,” said Brook in a low tone at last. “They forgive where they love—or have loved. That’s the right way to put it, I think.”

“Well—put it in that way, if you like. It will just cover the ground. Whatever that young lady may say, she likes you very much. I’ve seen her watch you, and I’m sure of it.”

“How can a woman love a man and hate him at the same time?”

“Why do jealous women sometimes kill their husbands? If they didn’t love them they wouldn’t care; and if they didn’t hate them they wouldn’t kill them. You can’t explain it.

perhaps, but you can’t deny it either. She’ll never forgive Mrs. Crosby—perhaps—but she’ll forgive you when she finds out she can’t be happy without you. Stay here quietly, and let me see what I can do.”

“You can’t do anything, governor. But I’m grateful to you all the same. And—you know—if there’s anything I can do on my side to help you just now, I’ll do it!”

“Thank you, Brook,” said the old man, leaning back, and putting up his feet again.

Brook rose and left the room, slowly shutting the door behind him. Then he got his hat and went off for a solitary walk to think matters over. They were grave enough, and all that his father had said could not persuade him that there was any chance of happiness in his future. There was a sort of horror in the situation, too, and he could not remember ever to have heard of anything like it. He walked slowly, and with bent head.

(To be continued.)



There was a sort of horror in the situation, and he could not remember ever to have heard of anything like it. He walked slowly, and with bent head.

disconsolately. “She won’t look at me. What an infernal mess I’ve made of my life!”

“Don’t be an ass, Brook!” exclaimed Sir Adam, for the third time that morning.

“It’s all very well to tell me not to be an ass,” answered the young man gravely. “I can’t mend matters now, and I don’t blame her for refusing me. It isn’t much more than two weeks since that night. I can’t tell her the truth—I wouldn’t tell it to you, though I can’t prevent your telling it to me, since you’ve guessed it. She thinks I betrayed Mrs. Crosby and left her—like the merest cad, you know. What am I to do? I won’t say anything against Mrs. Crosby for anything; and if I were low enough to do that, I couldn’t say it to Miss Bowring. I told her that I’d marry her in spite of herself—carry her off—anything! But of course I couldn’t. I lost my head, and talked like a fool.”

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.



THE POST OF JANBATAI, ON THE ROAD TO DIR, LOOKING UP THE BARAWAL VALLEY.

Sketch by Mr. A. D. Greenhill Gardyne.



SHER AFZUL KHAN AND PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE KHAN OF DIR, AND BROUGHT TO INDIA BY CAPTAIN YOUNGHUSBAND.

Sketch by Lieutenant C. H. Elger.

Sketched from life while resting at Khar, on their way to Pindi. The small boy in the picture is Sher Afzul's son. He is shown thumping his father's back (which he kept on doing for an hour or so), a well-known Afghan remedy for taking away fatigue or pains in the back after a long ride. The men round Sher Afzul are his chief brigadiers and counsellors.

THE SHAHZADA'S VISIT.

Our royal guest, the Shahzada Nasrullah Khan, is certainly experiencing what Emerson terms "the joy of eventful living." The programme of his visit is too long rather than too short, and leaves very little time for the Prince to indulge his own sweet will as to a choice of incidents. He must be impressed by the busy life, if by nothing else, which surges around him. In London a varied panorama of scenes has passed before his impassive gaze, and a series of excursions by road, rail, and river has exhibited different striking illustrations of our national life. On June 5 the Shahzada journeyed from Waterloo with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and a large number of distinguished military officers to Farnborough, to witness a review of unusual proportions on Laffan's Plain. Facing the saluting point were over 17,000 troops drawn up in array, displaying the various uniforms in the British Regiments. It was a very fine sight, and greatly pleased the son of Britain's ally. The royal salute having been given, the Shahzada, accompanied by his royal hosts, rode up and down the line, and finally took up position at the saluting base for the grand march past, which was led by the Duke of Connaught and his staff. One of the most brilliant effects of the day was created by the dashing gallop of the Horse Artillery, whose *élan* could hardly have been surpassed. The infantry next advanced in review order, halted, and gave a royal salute, after which they left the field of operations, and two brigades of cavalry in long lines, extending from east to



Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road.

THE SHAHZADA AT ALDERSHOT: 4TH HUSSARS IN LINE.



Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE SHAHZADA AT THE SALUTING POINT.

west of Laffan's Plain, advanced at the charge, halting only within a few paces of the saluting point. The Shahzada expressed, through the interpretation of Colonel Talbot, to the Duke of Connaught his pleasure at the day's operations, and then lunched at Government House with the Duke and Duchess.

On Thursday, June 6, there was another full day of appearance in public. The City of London has added one more distinguished name to the already long list of its royal guests by the entertainment which it gave to the Shahzada. About half-past one the Prince left Dorchester House, preceded by a brilliant escort, including many Afghans on horseback in their national attire. During the whole progress down Park Lane, Pall Mall, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside and King Street there was much curiosity on the part of the public which lined the route to see the Shahzada. In the royal carriage with him were Sir Gerald FitzGerald (who has been his *fidus Achates* during his visit to this country), Colonel Talbot, and Colonel Byng. The Prince seemed very much interested in the respectful greetings which he received at the hands of the London public, which dearly loves even so modest a royal procession. Among the distinguished guests of the Lord Mayor were the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P.; Secretary of State for India, Lord Knutsford, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Henry Irving, the Hon. George Curzon, M.P., the Governor of the Bank of England, and leading representatives of the City. Shortly after two o'clock the Lord Mayor proceeded to the entrance of the Art Gallery of the Guildhall to receive the Shahzada, who was warmly welcomed as he walked

up the Library to the dais, where he took his seat at the right hand of the Lord Mayor. The Court of Common Council having been formally constituted, an address of welcome was read to Nasrullah Khan, praying that the good feeling which existed between Afghanistan and this country might remain for all time unclouded and unimpaired, to the lasting happiness and advantage of both countries. The address was contained in a handsome gold casket. The Shahzada thanked the Lord Mayor for his hospitality on behalf of the City of London, his short reply being interpreted by Colonel Talbot. At the luncheon which followed, the toast of "The Queen" having been duly honoured, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of his Highness the Ameer of Afghanistan, coupled with the name of the Shahzada. To this the Shahzada read a reply, which was interpreted by Colonel Talbot.

On Friday, June 7, the Prince went on the Victoria Steam-boat Company's steamer *Cardinal Wolsey* to the Albert Docks, in order to see the *Caledonian*, a new steamer belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

On Saturday, June 9, his Highness visited Buckingham Palace and the royal stables, and also called on the Secretary of State for India.

On Sunday afternoon he departed from Dorchester House for Euston, where he joined a special train which conveyed him to Birmingham. He was received at Birmingham by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Fallows, J.P., and on the following day he visited several of the sights of the city, leaving for Manchester in the evening.



Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road.

THE SHAHZADA AT ALDERSHOT: FIRING A ROYAL SALUTE AFTER THE REVIEW.

THE BALTIC CANAL.

(See Supplement.)

Some eighteen miles from the mouth of the Elbe, and about fifty below Hamburg, two short, well-finished, and stoutly built moles, surmounted at their extremities by lighthouses, mark the Brunsbüttel entrance to the Baltic Canal, and prevent the mud from silting up in the channel leading to the outer harbour pierced in the high bank protecting the low-lying land beyond. Two huge locks, side by side, connect this outer harbour with the inner harbour, a wide expanse of water flanked by extensive quays, and forming the enlarged terminus, so to say, of the canal proper, which stretches its whole length of sixty-four miles from the locks at Brunsbüttel to the locks at Holtenau without a break. At present there is no town or village at the Elbe mouth. The little town of Brunsbüttel, which gives its name to the spot, is some two miles away westwards. For the requirements of the opening ceremony the work is sufficiently advanced, but what the place will look like months hence, when the quays, buildings, and storage yards are completed, can only be inferred from the handsome proportions, manifest substantiality, and splendid finish of what is already done. As a Government undertaking, the question of cost has not been considered. Everything has been carried out in keeping with the high imperial object in view, and when the various buildings distributed over the vast expanses of stone and brick paving are completed they will make a brave show. Throughout the canal's length one is impressed by this grand style of execution, the bridges, and even the embankments, being made as faultless as if for a model, while the stupendous nature of much of the work is eloquent enough of its stern purpose. A trip through the canal would, it must be confessed, be, all the same, a somewhat monotonous affair on the whole for anyone uninterested in engineering achievements. At the ferries, of which there are fourteen, one may chance on a little life and "local colour"; and one meets not a few picturesque sailing craft in tow of sturdy little tugs, which transform the dead stretch of water into a living scene. As time goes on there will, of course, be more movement. Still, the general conditions must remain pretty much the same, since the traffic can only seriously affect life at the two extremities. For anything in the nature of scenery the tourist must be content with the lakes just beyond Rendsburg, with, say, a break of half a day or a night to see this interesting old garrison town, the point of fusion with the Eider Canal.

For nearly twelve miles after leaving Brunsbüttel the level of the canal is higher than that of the land, and except the handsome width of water (197 ft.) between the two trim, brick-faced banks, there is little or nothing to cheer the eye. But from the second passing-station, a simple widening of the canal sufficient to enable two vessels of the largest size to pass one another, the banks begin to increase in height, culminating in the monstrous acclivities of sand across which leaps the enormous steel arch of the bridge near Grunenthal. Eventually these embankments will be faced with turf, and will form a pleasing as well as an imposing vista. A few miles from this bridge the canal traverses Reit Moor, a treacherous marsh, which engulfed several workmen and severely taxed the skill and resources of the engineers. The whole region seemed worse than fluid, for notwithstanding that the channel was fenced in by a substantial barrier formed of a double row of piles with a solid filling between them, no sooner was a sufficient depth dredged out than the bottom would rise as if forced solidly up from below. There was nothing for it but to dredge and dredge till the dredger triumphed. From hereabouts the river Eider runs more or less parallel to the canal, and one can spy the masts of sailing craft upon it. Here, too, is the midway pilot-station, where the pilot from Brunsbüttel or Holtenau, as the case may be, will be dropped and another picked up to complete the journey. Four lines of railway cross the waterway, two carried on aerial bridges and two on low-level hydraulic swing-bridges. The construction of the latter is in some respects novel and ingenious, and, like everything else, perfectly finished, swinging and coming to with the utmost ease and smoothness. At Rendsburg a third swing-bridge carries the high road over the canal. From Rendsburg to Holtenau is by far the best part of the trip regarded merely as an excursion. For the first nine miles the channel is through two narrow lakes, with low wild-looking banks, and studded with small islets, giving one the notion of steaming along a wide river. The adjoining country seems more populous. Already for some time a little passenger-steamer has been plying on this part of the canal from Kiel. The ferries are more numerous and there are many primitive little landing-stages serving neighbouring towns and villages. The banks are high, though not in the same sense as at Grunenthal, and have mostly received the finishing touch. In fact, till Holtenau is in sight one comes across but few and trifling patches of unfinished work. In one stretch it would be easy to imagine oneself traversing an English park, so carefully laid is the masonry at the water's edge, so smooth the turf above it, and so dense and rich the foliage of the trees enclosing the waterway. About a couple of miles from Holtenau is the second great steel bridge. Parties of excursionists come by the little steamer from Kiel to the

stopping place close by, and climb on to the bridge to survey the country around, but the view is not worth a sight of the structure itself. The Holtenau end is in the same state as that at Brunsbüttel—the great locks finished; not so the inner harbour.

The general conditions, however, are not quite the same. Holtenau being less than four miles from Kiel, there is not the same call for dock and other accommodation. It is also within a sheltered tideless haven, and needs no protecting moles. Finally, it is in picturesque surroundings with hills and trees and facing wooded shores, not a mere inlet in the muddy border of a great and occasionally turbulent river. Except for the civil engineer the Baltic Canal is not so much a thing to be seen. Nor is its commercial importance a very great matter. The dues for vessels using it are not high, and doubtless there will be a considerable traffic of tonnage in the aggregate. For vessels engaged in the German coasting trade between ports east and west of the canal the saving of time will be immense; and likewise in a lesser degree for all Baltic trade from the west and south-west. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind there are no first-class steamers in these trades, and the value of time to such as are must not be estimated by what it means to a mail-steamer. A really weighty point in favour of using the canal is that it avoids the navigation of the Skagerack, the Cattegat, and the Sound, the coast lines of which, in a wreck-chart, are so burdened with the little black discs denoting the total loss of a ship as to resemble a highly prolific forcing-bed of bacteriological spores. But all these considerations sink into insignificance by the side of the naval importance of the canal. There can be no shadow of a doubt that whether the dues amount to much or little, in spending her millions in making a safe waterway between Kiel and the Elbe, Germany has acted most wisely. By some experts its naval value is put concretely at fifteen men-of-war. Be that as it may, its defensive value could hardly be over-estimated. The naval lesson of her last war has not been neglected by Germany. It is generally supposed that virtually nothing instructive happened, but the Germans really learnt things of immense significance, if they were largely mere confirmation of past experience. The Kaiser may well feel proud of this great undertaking, for the thoroughness of which he is personally entitled to the chief credit, and which has been carried through without any of the riot or irregularities on the part of the labourers that have invariably accompanied all previous undertakings of equal magnitude, and from which, thanks to the admirable arrangements for their comfort, many of the men, it is said, will retire with a competency.

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION IN CHINA.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The late Rev. Dr. Nevius was during forty years a missionary in China. What he heard, rather than what he saw, of "diabolical possession" among the Chinese induced him to study a subject which, as Littré remarks, has hardly as yet been sketched out. His conclusions are set forth in his "Demon Possession" (Revell Company, Chicago). That Dr. Nevius is always logical one cannot affirm; nor has he a very wide knowledge of his subject; but he is always fair and honest in controversy. This singular merit his book has—that it shows us in contemporary China exactly the state of things described in the New Testament. The Chinese recognise the existence of madness, epilepsy, and nervous disorders; but to one particular set of symptoms they give the name of diabolical possession. These symptoms match well with those described in the Gospels, and they yield (at least, often) to prayers conducted by Christianised natives.

The evidence for all this is not nearly so good as the curious reader might desire. Dr. Nevius sent circulars to his evangelical brethren, asking for information. Some information they gave; but the eye-witnesses and narrators were almost always, if not absolutely always, not Europeans, but native teachers of Christianity. For this circumstance Dr. Nevius accounts by various considerations: the distrust of European visitors, the inconvenience and discredit attaching to their presence in a family, and so forth. One has no special reason for distrusting the converted natives, who tell their tales unpretentiously, but a European would naturally prefer European testimony. Of this we have, in part, abundance, in the Letters and Reports of Jesuits during the last century. And this I will say—that if Dr. Nevius's converted Chinese tell queer stories, they do not come within a hundred miles of the queer stories which the old Jesuits tell, with all solemnity and every sign of good faith. Similar anecdotes have been orally narrated to myself by a learned and honourable member of the Society of Jesus, whose general views (on this point) are in agreement with those of Dr. Nevius.

The phenomena which Dr. Nevius regards as the *differentia* of so-called diabolical possession, and as distinguishing it from epilepsy, insanity, and hysteria, are these—

1. "The automatic presentation and persistent and consistent acting out of a new personality."

That is to say (generally after a nervous disturbance); a patient—usually not in his ordinary consciousness—will utter a voice which is not his natural voice. The new speaker assumes to be a spirit, and talks of himself in the

first person, of the patient in the third person. The impersonation is well sustained and fluent. It is not as when Brown suddenly conceives that he is Smith, and acts in character. The new voice recognises the unlucky patient as merely his lodging, and regards him with contempt.

Of these mental phenomena explanations have been suggested by many physicians. The explanations, as Dr. Nevius shows, do not explain anything. But then, who can really explain even the ordinary workings of the mind? The state of the Chinese patients, however, is most easily conceived of by a sane man, if he will reflect on other cases of apparently divided personality. Most people have had feverish dreams, in which they seemed to themselves to be two or more persons. Let us imagine that one of these "persons" got the upper hand at one moment, another at another. Throw in ignorance or insanity enough to mistake these various aspects of one character for manifestations of alien and intrusive personalities, "devils," and we can bring the condition of possessed patients more within the focus of our imagination. Unlike our sensations in a feverish dream, the patient, apparently, has not both consciousnesses, the natural and the morbid, present simultaneously. He is "all there" himself, or the demon is in full possession. So much for Dr. Nevius's first mark, or note, of possession.

2. In possession, the patient gives evidence of knowledge and intellectual power which he never displays in his normal state. From being silent he grows eloquent, oracular, prophetic. So much Mr. E. B. Tylor admits, as occasional fact in a haze of imposture. Dr. Griesinger makes the same admission. So far, the "demon" is, occasionally, a much cleverer fellow than the man in whom he lodges. Dr. Nevius's native witnesses add examples of clairvoyance or actual knowledge of distant events; the unwonted power of improvising in rhyme, and "the ability to speak languages unknown by the subject." All this is very well, but the amount of evidence necessary to carry belief in such statements is by no means presented to us. Mr. Leng did not hear the possessed woman prophesy; he was only told about her successful second sight. Cases of talking in and understanding unknown languages (part of the old Jesuit narratives) are not substantiated. There is more evidence for exaltation of faculties and for improvising of verses.

3. There is a complete change of moral character.

To these three marks we might add—

4. The reports of extraordinary movements of inanimate objects in the neighbourhood of the possessed. These alleged phenomena exactly answer to what is told in the case of the Dæmon of Spraiton, and in scores of similar narratives, ancient or modern. Patients, as in these European, or American, or Indian stories, are elevated into the air. In fact, the Folklorist finds himself in very well-known country, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. But what it is that causes this ubiquitous and uniform belief the Folklorist does not pretend to know. The traditional explanation of these occurrences, indeed, the Folklorist can explain, to his own satisfaction. He knows why Chinese and Europeans attribute the events to demoniacal possession. He does not know what causes the witnesses to believe in the events themselves. He accounts, not for the belief, but for the animistic hypothesis of the cause of the facts. To go further, to account for the uniform impression of having witnessed these phenomena, is not in the province of Folklore, but of anthropological investigation. Unluckily, anthropologists have very seldom had a chance of observing such occurrences.

Meanwhile, whatever the nature of the disease may exactly be, it is treated either by adoration of the *soi-disant* demon, or by beating, scratching, and scorching the possessed. The horrors of that recent affair in Tipperary, when the woman was burned, are repeated in China. The patients also have recourse to the prayers of native Christian teachers, and these frequently have a salutary effect. To account for this we need not go beyond "suggestion" unless we choose. The new foreign religion may be regarded by the patient as a powerful agency of healing, and his belief does heal him.

By far the oddest tale (from a native Christian woman) is given in the appendix (pp. 401-406). In 1883 a non-Christian man of letters, Mr. Chang, was afflicted by a demon or demons, which "possessed" two women and demanded to be worshipped. Mr. Chang would not stand this. Whereon everything occurred that we read of in Increase Mather, in Telfer, and in "The Amherst Mystery." All sorts of objects danced corroborates, things disappeared, fire broke out suddenly without apparent cause. The house had to be watched by men armed with buckets of water. The women lay unconscious, or in a non-natural consciousness. The missionaries (native) held services, and the ladies recovered their usual health at once, remembering nothing of what had occurred. At that moment all the fowls in the yard flew about in a panic, and more than a dozen swine went crazy, trying to scramble up the walls, and behaving insanely till exhaustion set in.

We have heard a good deal before about a scene like this, and Mr. Huxley has argued the matter with Mr. Gladstone. Gadara was the place where the occurrences were observed, and they are recorded by St. Mark (v. 12, 13).

And so you see this kind of thing
Is always going on!

ART NOTES.

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery there is now on view a collection of the original drawings by which Mr. Phil May has won the position he occupies among contemporary artists in black and white. Coming after the exhibition of the works of Leech, Tenniel, C. Keene, and Linley Sambourne (to name only a few), this exhibition is of more than usual interest. There is no need here to compare Mr. Phil May's work with that of his predecessors or contemporaries. It is sufficient to say that the youngest and latest comer reflects with equal truth, and depicts with no less skill, the times in which he lives and the influences to which he is subject. If we are not all Socialists now, we have at least a greater curiosity about the ways and doings of all classes. This is essentially the "coster" period, and we therefore listen to "coster" songs, drive "coster" carts, and wear "coster" hats. It was, therefore, in the nature of things that we should have also a "coster" artist. Mr. Phil May admirably fills the place, and without a touch of vulgarity he transfers to paper the various types of 'Arry and 'Arriet which that class produces. It must not, however, be supposed that he limits his studies to "costers." Mr. Phil May is essentially a "humanist" who has studied street life in London, Paris, and Sydney—and in each has found that the less polished class is the most sincere, and therefore most fertile in subjects for his pencil. Like all true humorists, Mr. Phil May occasionally touches on the pathos of street life; but as he makes no pretence at being a moralist, he never insists upon this side of his art. His method of working is not less interesting than his range of work. None of those who have preceded him as humorists or caricaturists in black and white have reached his simplicity of line, or attained his power of suggesting ideas and intention by a single stroke of the pen or pencil. This remarkable result cannot have been obtained without laborious study, and although the author of the interesting preface to the catalogue asserts that this simplification of line was forced upon Mr. Phil May by sheer necessity, one cannot but feel that it was something very much akin to genius which inspired the means of attaining his end, despite of his materials. To those who have only known Mr. Phil May's work by its reproduction in the numerous periodicals to which he has been a contributor, the present exhibition will

have special interest, while those who have hitherto been unacquainted with his drawings will recognise in him a humorist of keen observation and a draughtsman of singular ability and promise.

In this age of "revolting" women it was scarcely to be expected that the Society of Lady Artists would be left in unchallenged occupation of the exhibition-room. It is therefore without surprise that we have to record that the "Women Painters" have hoisted their colours at the Hanover Gallery. It is difficult to gather from the catalogue whether there has been a formal schism among the sisters of the brush, or if there has been a secession of the more "modern" ladies from the older and more conservative body. Certain it is, however, that the general impression left by the "Women Painters" is that in some way or another they claim to represent New English art. They excel chiefly as colourists, and fail generally in draughtsmanship, not so much from inability, perhaps, as from a desire to be unconventional. Miss Couper Baines is among the boldest, and, in a sense, the most successful of those who attempt the difficult problems produced by bright sunlight and its strongly marked contrasts. "A Barley-Field" and "A Girl among the Poppies" are her most distinctive works; and although not altogether novel in conception, they show no little boldness in treatment. Miss Nora Davison deals in a more timorous way with seaside spots; Miss Geraldine Lloyd with "The Thames at Battersea"; Miss Cicely Haig with "Scottish Moors," and each succeeds in producing pleasing results, but scarcely sufficiently striking to make them leaders of a new school. The other extreme of pale monochrome,

presumably the rendering of suffused light, is treated by Miss Dorothy Haig and Miss E. M. Patterson, but so delicately that all colour seems to be washed out of the landscapes they offer to our eyes. There is doubtless plenty of room for a special society of "Women Painters"; but to force its claims upon public attention requires stronger hands than those who have grouped themselves together on the present occasion.

Gallery No. IX, at Burlington House is, thanks to the President's happy expression, often known as the "Cabinet of Gems." We will not stop to discuss how far the term is applicable to this year's collection, as our object is to call attention to two pictures only—"A Mountain Pass" (628), by Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., and "Il Campo SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice" (660), by Mr. Henry Woods, R.A. Each work is described "Diploma work, deposited on his election as an Academician." These diploma pictures are, as is well known, intended to mark the newly elected Academician's sense of the honour conferred upon him, and as they are specially preserved by the Academy, one would think that each artist would endeavour to do his best in order to vindicate in the eyes of posterity his claim to be reckoned "among the immortals." A very cursory inspection of the Diploma Gallery (open at all times to the public) will dispell this illusion. Very few artists—Mr. G. F. Watts stands out as a noble exception—take this view of promotion. They seem to have had always before their eyes the increased money value of their works when able to write the much-desired letters "R.A." after their names. The consequence is that although the sum of £200 is paid for each diploma work out of the Academy fund, the Academician gives what he considers is the equivalent of that sum, calculated on the future rise of the value of his pictures in the market. It is a practical but hardly a "high-toned" view, and it suggests one at least of the dangers which might arise from anything approaching State



LILACS.—C. E. HALLÉ.
From the New Gallery Exhibition.

patronage of art. In the cases cited Mr. Gow and Mr. Woods have acted in accordance with precedent; but it is strange that the former, who has won his position as a painter of military scenes, should wish to be remembered as the author of a peaceful landscape which would do credit to a third-year Academy student.

The annual report of the Trustees of the National Gallery might, we think, be somewhat more promptly circulated than is customary. The last report dealing with the calendar year 1894—not the financial year—was presented "in dummy" by the secretary to the Treasury on April 1 last, but more than a month elapsed before its being issued as a Parliamentary paper. As far as it goes, Mr. Poynter's first report is an interesting one, for it not only bears witness to his own activity, as shown in the purchase of twenty-three pictures, but an appendix gives a summary of the acquisitions, by purchase and bequest, of the last ten years. It is, however, remarkable that this return presented by the Financial Secretary of the Treasury should be unaccompanied by anything in the shape of an account of receipts and expenditure or by a balance sheet. We are able to piece together from the return that of the twenty-three pictures purchased, nineteen were bought out of a Parliamentary grant in aid and a special vote. The former stands at the fixed sum of £5000, and the special vote was of like amount. As, however, the nineteen pictures purchased during the year cost, according to the return, in the aggregate, £12,500, we must assume that the new Keeper started with a satisfactory balance in hand. With regard to the purchases out of private bequests, the accounts are even more obscure. Two pictures were purchased out of the Lewis Bequest (£10,000) costing together £720, and one out of the Clarke Bequest (£23,104) costing £850. The trustees had also in hand from Mr. R. C. Wheeler's bequest a capital sum of £2612 4s. 8d.; thus by their own showing they are possessed of private funds amounting to £35,716 4s. 8d., of which presumably the interest only is applicable to the purchase of pictures. According, however, to another Parliamentary paper presented a week later also by the Secretary to the Treasury, the amount of British Government securities held on March 31, 1895, on account of "National Gallery Bequests," is given as £33,498 14s. 5d., and invested in 2½ per cent. Consols, and no other stock is returned as standing in the names of the Trustees. All these difficulties are doubtless quite explicable, and would not have suggested themselves were a simple balance-sheet appended to the Director's annual report. It is a small affair, and Mr. Poynter would do well to mark his accession to office by the preparation of such a statement in future if he wishes to escape the criticisms of Parliamentary inquisitors.



UNDER LOVE'S GUIDANCE.—C. E. HALLÉ.
From the New Gallery Exhibition.



COAST DEFENCE.

THE OPENING OF THE BALTIC CANAL.



WALLS AND GATES OF THE BRUNSBÜTTEL ENTRANCE, WHEN UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



THE HIGH-LEVEL RAILWAY BRIDGE AT LEVENSAU, WHILE UNDER CONSTRUCTION, AUGUST 1894.

THE OPENING OF THE BALTIC CANAL.

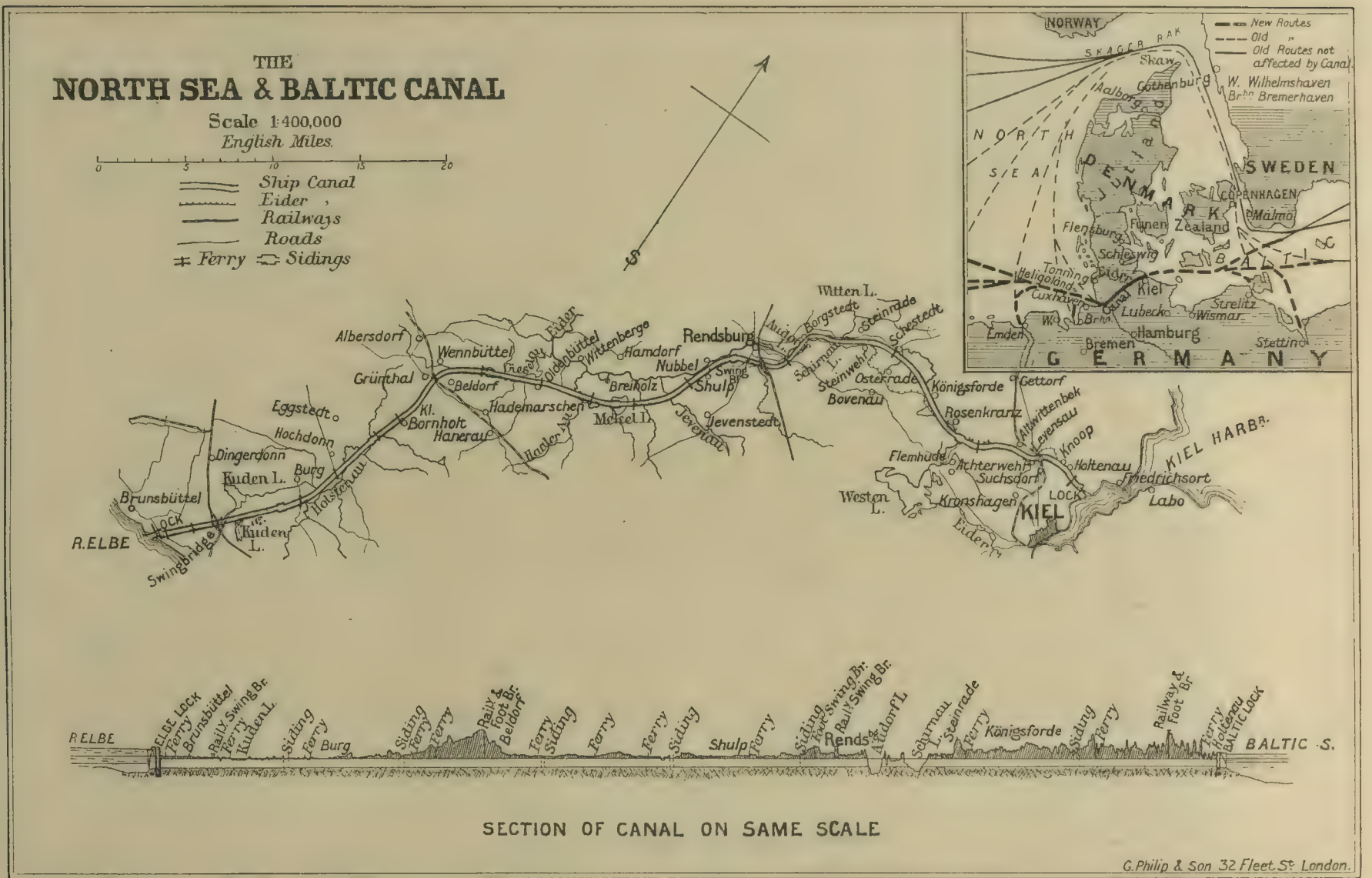


BRUNSBÜTTEL ENTRANCE SLUICE-GATES, PARTLY CONSTRUCTED.



BUILDING THE LOCK WALLS NEAR BRUNSBÜTTEL, 1892.

THE OPENING OF THE BALTIC CANAL.



LOCK AT RENDSBURG, FOR COMMUNICATION WITH THE EIDER.



HIS HIGHNESS THE SHAHZADA NASRULLAH KHAN ON HIS VISIT TO THE GUILDHALL, ON JUNE 6: PRESENTATION OF THE CITY'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

THE OPENING OF THE BALTIC CANAL.



WORKS OF DEEPENING AND WIDENING THE OLD CANAL, 1891.



A FLOATING DREDGE EMPLOYED IN DEEPENING THE CANAL.

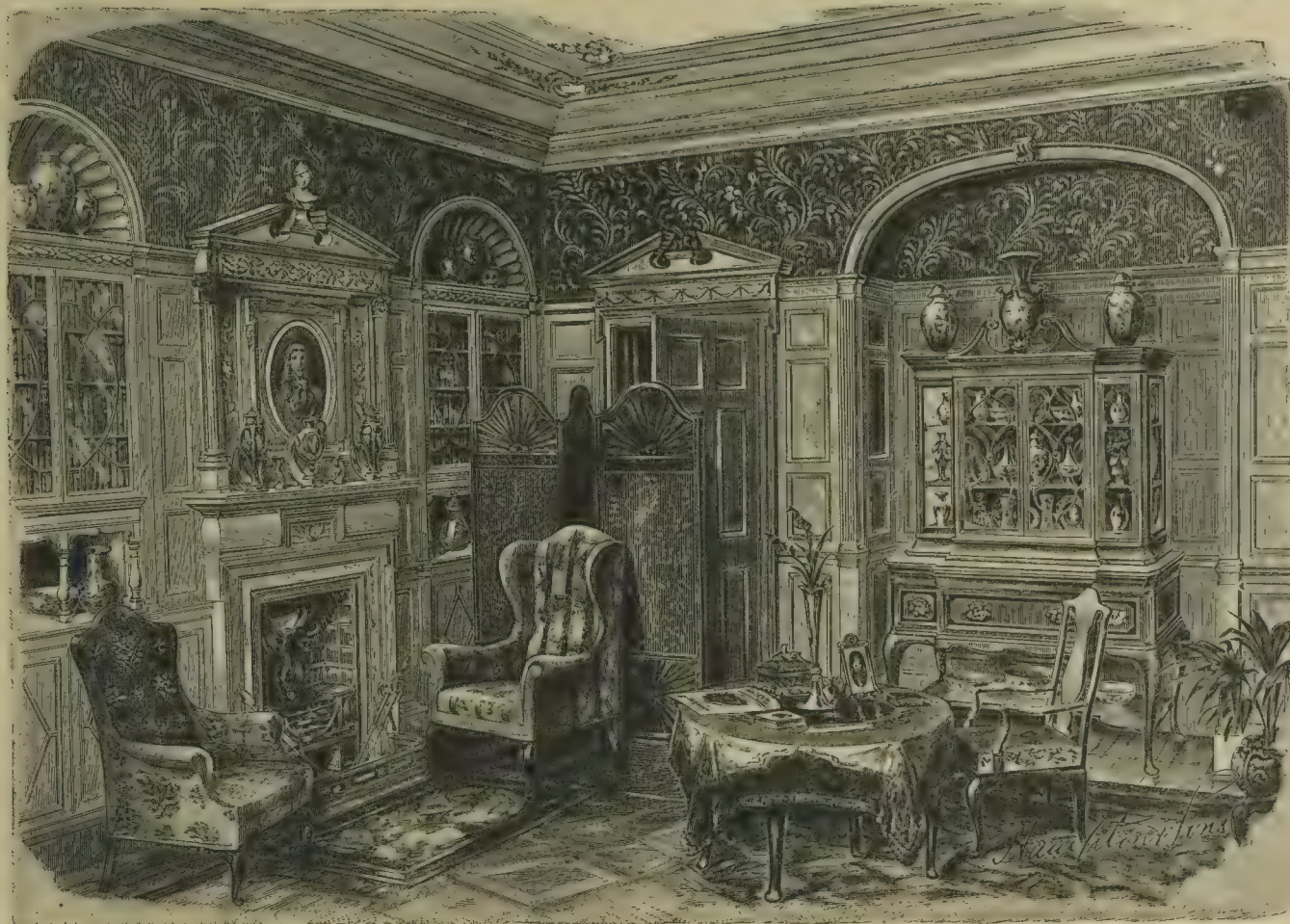
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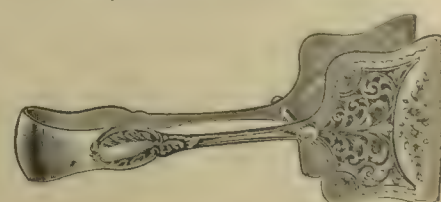


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A DANGEROUS CROSSING.

LITERATURE.

GREATER BRITAIN.

The Expansion of England. By Sir J. R. Seeley, K.C.M.G. (Macmillan and Co., 1895.)—This is the first volume of a welcome reissue of the late Sir John Seeley's works. "Ecce Homo" and "Natural Religion" were written before it; but its place in the van of the new edition may be taken to indicate the measure of its importance as compared with its theological forerunners. Ideas, not controversies, rule the world; and this is a book which shapes ideas to practical issues. It embodies the author's conception of history not only as a pageant, or as ruled by scientific method, but as pursuing a practical object—in brief, having a moral. To no country does this apply so much as to England, with its tendency to expansion; a tendency "profound, persistent, and necessary to the national life," and the observation of which may well make a man seek not only to divine, but anxious to take some part in determining, the destiny of his country. This expansion is recent. It did not begin until a century after Columbus rediscovered the New World, for we must not forget that the Norsemen were "the first that ever burst into that silent sea" that laved the coast of Vineland. Down to the close of Elizabeth's reign not only had England no possessions outside Europe, but Great Britain itself did not exist. "Scotland was a separate kingdom, and in Ireland the English were but a colony in the midst of an alien population still in the tribal stage." The internal union of these three kingdoms under the Stuarts was followed by the rise of a Greater Britain beyond the sea. The process began with the first charter given to Virginia in 1606, and has gone on until the present day. We are lords paramount of four great territories, Canada, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australia, with their ten millions of colonists, mainly British; and in that vast dependency, India, a handful of us keep two hundred millions of alien race and religion in order, exclusive of nearly sixty million inhabitants of native states who own our suzerainty. Truly a man cannot read a book like this without feeling all aglow, feeling also the momentousness of the question whether the four groups, whose population will have increased tenfold in less than a century hence, are to become independent states or federated with the mother of them all. In the contention that Greater Britain is an enlargement of the state as well as of the nationality, the author sees conditions of permanent relationship. He contrasts the mechanically formed unions of alien states and peoples, which built up the aggrandising empires of the past into perishable fabrics, with the vital material out of which our Greater Britain is constructed. He fails not to draw the wholesome lesson which is taught by these short-lived colossi and by our own short-sightedness in the loss of our first great colony. He would have us not talk of our "possessions," but of our common membership. "We must cease altogether to say that England is an island off the north-western coast of Europe, that it has an area of 120,000 square miles and a population of thirty odd millions. We must cease to think that emigrants when they go to colonies leave England or are lost to England; we must cease to think that the history of England is the history of the Parliament that sits at Westminster, and that affairs which are not discussed there cannot belong to English history. When we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate the whole Empire together and call it all England we shall see that here too is a United States." These are noble words charged with the large outlook of a lofty spirit, which, unhappily, like the great leader of old, was permitted only to see from mountain top the promised land he was not himself to enter.

AN AUSTRIAN PRINCE TOURIST IN INDIA.

Tagebuch meiner Reise um die Erde, 1892-93. Erster Band. (Wien, 1895: A. Holder, Hof-Buch-Händler.)—An Imperial and Royal Highness who writes a book of his travels may well command the arts of the best Vienna paper-makers, printers, and process-plate artistic illustrators, with the result displayed in this handsome volume. The Archduke Leopold Ferdinand is an author with whom those who read German, if they care for vivid fresh descriptions of famous places in Southern and Eastern Asia, or feel curious to know the impressions of a foreign observer in countries usually beheld from an Englishman's point of view, will be pleased to make acquaintance. A visitor of his rank has privileged opportunities both of seeing and hearing much that the ordinary globe-trotter, with the common handbook, does not find accessible. This Austrian prince seems to be a diligent inquirer and student of important facts, as well as a keen sportsman; and his reflections, discreetly expressed, have the merit of just and independent thinking.

In this first volume he relates, after his passage from Trieste by the Suez Canal to Colombo, the experiences of a fortnight in Ceylon, three months in India, a few days at Singapore, and three weeks in Java, with the intervening voyages on board the torpedo-ship and ironclad ram cruiser, *Kaiserin Elisabeth*, commanded by Captain von Becker. The second portion of the narrative is to comprise his further voyages, through the Malay Archipelago, which he traversed twice, in going and in returning, to New Guinea and some isles of the West Pacific Ocean, to New Caledonia, and to Sydney, New South Wales; and his visits, at a later period, to Hong-Kong and Canton, and to Japan, whence he came home by way of San Francisco. Large space is, of course, here devoted to India, and not only to the provinces under direct British rule, but to the principal native states, Hyderabad, Gwalior, Jodhpore, Jeypore, and Nepal having entertained him with princely hospitality, showing him good hunting and shooting. These attractive residences of still opulent and splendid Indian sovereign lords have been so fully described, with their local scenery, their national customs, and the chivalric pomp of their courts, upon the occasion of their being visited by our English princes, that little new to us remains for the

Archduke Leopold to tell. The conversion of many names, the corrected official spelling of which among ourselves has not yet become popular in English book and newspaper writing, into German phonetic equivalents, such as "Dschedpur" and "Dschaipur," and "Dschojo" for "Johore," may strike the reader's eye with an odd effect; but we shall never get uniform spelling all over the world until the tongues and lips and throats of all mankind can produce exactly similar vocal sounds.

In general, for the happily numerous educated class here to whom German is as intelligible as French, or as their own language, this volume may be safely commended as highly agreeable and instructive. It is always worth while to refresh one's knowledge of contemporary India, and of every part of the British Empire, which is too vast and diverse to be accurately retained in the memory without reading about its main divisions from time to time. But the facts concerning India which the Archduke Leopold sets forth with praiseworthy conciseness and distinctness, and in a friendly and courteous spirit towards the British Government, may as well be gathered from other books. We have no cause to find fault with his opinions and sentiments upon this subject. More especially valuable, perhaps, as a contribution to our wider acquaintance with the actual state of other European dominion and colonisation in the East Asiatic region, is the account which he gives of Batavia and the western districts of Java, under a thrifty and orderly Dutch administration. The condition of the native peasantry there appeared to him much more comfortable than that of the cultivators of the soil in India. But it is quite conceivable that the qualities of the race, with the absence of caste and of other religious or social institutions, which may have a depressing influence, are more to be credited than any political wisdom with favourable industrial results. Java is, undoubtedly, one of the most successful of tropical colonies, and one of the most interesting lands to visit.

TWO BOOKS ON SURREY.

Surrey: Highways, Byways, and Waterways. Written and illustrated by C. R. B. Barrett. (London: Bliss, Sands, and Foster, 1895.)—Mr. Barrett is already known as an illustrator, with pen and pencil, of architectural and other relics of the past in Essex and Somersetshire. Like those which preceded it, his new volume, sumptuous in its paper and print, abounds with dainty etchings of places and things, and will doubtless find its way to the bookshelves or drawing-room tables of many a Surrey mansion. Mr. Barrett is an antiquary of an almost vanished school, for whom no object is too humble to be sketched and described, provided it be genuinely old. Interesting reproductions of the exteriors and interiors of early picturesque churches and quaint old manor-houses alternate in his volume with those of andirons, panels, gables, leather bottles, brackets, and so forth, with descriptive letterpress to match. Among the most characteristic pages of the volume are those devoted to the history and pictorial illustration of Croydon Palace, and so long the favourite seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of Archbishop Whitgift's Hospital of the Holy Trinity at Croydon, in the streets of which, Mr. Barrett says with a sigh, "nowadays there are no ancient houses left." The hospital is in far better preservation than the palace, which became during last century a "bleaching-ground and washing-factory," and is now more appropriately used as a middle-class school for girls, under the management of a "lady superior," whose title has an ecclesiastical sound. The illustrations of the past and present of these two buildings are exhaustive, ranging from an interesting engraving of the chapel of the palace as it used to be, and a quaint window-fastening which still survives, to Whitgift's munificent chest, and even to the old padlock which secured its contents. Indeed, no fatigue, no accidental obstruction quenches Mr. Barrett's antiquarian zeal, and his journeys of exploration in Surrey were made, be it remembered, not only on foot, but in the depth of a severe winter. After a long day's tramp, for instance, he reached the pretty village of Shere; but, he says, "while taking a well-earned rest at the old White Horse Inn, I sketched the genuine old fireplace there to be seen in one of the rooms." At Bysshe Court severe illness did not permit the enthusiastic antiquary to enter the house and sketch its interior. But he made himself happy in his own way. "I did sketch the fine leaden armorial waterspout, which serves me for a tailpiece to this chapter." The enthusiasm of the writer lends a certain attraction to the letterpress in spite of its detailed histories of county families, many of which have died out, and its biographies of Surrey worthies, most of them now forgotten. Mr. Barrett's knowledge of modern literary history is a little defective. He speaks of the author of "Tom Jones" as "Sir Henry Fielding." In his minute account of Wandsworth, he refers to its French colony, but says nothing of Voltaire's sojourn there, which was probably determined, in part at least, by the presence of a colony of his countrymen, since when he arrived in England he could not speak English. On the other hand, Mr. Barrett says, rather oddly, that the Silent Pool at Albury was "immortalised" by Martin Farquhar Tupper, and even that "his house was a few years since a great object of curiosity to strangers"—the reader will not be so much surprised when Mr. Barrett adds, "specially to Americans."

In and Around Guildford. By E. A. Judges (Guildford: Surrey Times Office, 1895.)—More limited in conception, but not less interesting, than Mr. Barrett's volume is the handsome book compiled by Mr. Judges. The author has taken the capital of Surrey as the basis of his operations, and from the watch-tower of the ancient town has selected for notice, pictorial and literary, many of the lovely villages which lie around it. His selection of subjects is unimpeachable, and the photographic illustrations are extremely fine. Mr. Judges writes with care and accuracy, and with enthusiasm, of the historic spots in Surrey, and the letterpress is throughout both enlightening and enjoyable. The rural beauty and charm of the county have rarely had so able an exponent, nor have they been before so beautifully represented as in the pages of this volume.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE.

Social England: A Record of the Progress of the People. By Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L. Vols. I.-III. (Cassell and Co.)—"Drum and trumpet histories" are things of the past. Macaulay, whose defects as a partisan writer in no wise impair his credit in this departure, was among the first to show the more excellent way, in sparing "pages from military evolutions and political intrigues for the purpose of letting us know how the parlours and bedchambers of our ancestors looked." Hence, leaving the dryadusts to ransack the official archives, he found in the news-letter and street ballad, in the itinerary and gossip memoir, long-neglected materials throwing light on the life of the people. Green took up the cue in his "Short (?) History," subordinating the story of battles and campaigns and palace scandals to that of social, moral, and intellectual advance in successive generations; of changes in manners and customs; industrial development, and so forth. And now, as leader of a team of experts, comes Dr. Traill, following on like lines, although not without mild and needful protest against present tendencies to ignore the political factors. For it is with a nation as with a man, none liveth to himself or dieth to himself. And in the revolt against the old method we must be careful not to detach the society from the state, and not to exclude recognition of the external influences which affect the fortunes of a people. "There are," as Dr. Traill remarks, "passages in the epic of a nation's life which seem imperatively to require recitation to the strains of martial instruments." These volumes, as might therefore be expected, while faithful to their title, are well balanced and wisely proportioned. The editor contributes a luminous introduction, sketching with masterly hand an outline of the national career from the prehistoric period when the dark Iberian of early Neolithic times was sole tenant of Britain to the present day. Like everyone who touches the subject of the westward movement of successive peoples, Dr. Traill lingers round the strange episode of the Roman invasions and occupation, its four centuries marking only "an interval of arrested growth." The Roman rule brought manifold advantages—softening of barbaric customs; appliances of civilised life; good roads; even services to navigation, as shown by the remains of a lighthouse within Dover Castle. But pre-Roman speech and institutions held their own; the old tribal divisions and the boundaries which social systems yet denote were uneffaced, and "the rule of the Roman has been forgotten, even where his villa and his storied gravestone remain." The first volume embraces the period from pre-Roman times to the accession of Edward I.; the second volume carries us to the death of Henry VII.; and the third volume to the death of Elizabeth. Each falls into six main divisions: Civil organisation; religion; learning and science; literature; art; trade and industry; and manners, which last-named section, as Dr. Traill points out, "is only a name for the resultant of all the forces in question." For the manners of a people are simply what its industries, its religion, and its art, learning, and literature combine to make them. The method adopted is to show the progress in each department period by period, and, obviously, the sections which treat of industrial and intellectual advance become larger as the story proceeds. "Tedium is the most fatal of faults," Johnson says, and the only signs of this defect are in repetitions due to the overlapping of the various subjects entrusted to different writers. Here more editorial zeal is needed, and excisions might be helped if the contributors read one another's proofs where their subjects intersect. The examples of this redundancy would encroach on our narrow space, and it must suffice to refer to the description of the pre-Celtic occupants of Britain, which occurs three times in the first forty pages. A more important defect is the absence of maps and illustrations. Pages of letterpress might have been saved by the insertion of pictures of costumes, weapons, architecture, and so forth, and we regret that the value of the volumes, intended as they are for popular reading, should be thus impaired by a false economy.

A glance at the tables of contents (to which the names of the writers should have been added), and, still more, at the copious indices, suffices to show how impossible it is in a brief notice to touch even the fringe of the subjects treated. And it further shows that nothing of importance is omitted; that nothing, so long as it throws light on past manners and customs, is too trivial for record.

Perhaps the second volume, which takes us through the period of the consolidation of the kingdom under the three Edwards, after the feebleness of John had secured its independence of French supremacy, is, as yet, the richest in interest. We witness the close of the Middle Ages, the beginnings of modern England, of the rebirth of physical science, of that knowledge of the intellectual wealth of the Greek world which reached the West through Moslem channels. Superstitions still ruled the life of man; the wisest of his time, Roger Bacon, the first experimental philosopher, being a student of astrology and alchemy. By the way, upon this survival of old beliefs, it is surprising to find the writer of the section on "Heathen Britain" expressing wonder in finding at this day a district in central Wales where the people believe and practise witchcraft. He should surely have known that the wonder would be to have found that belief extinct. The awful Black Death, which Dr. Creighton identifies as a zymotic disease in England for three centuries, had in two years swept away one half of the entire population of about four millions. It depleted the land of labourers, causing momentous economic changes, despite the fatuous interference of the State between masters and men in control of wages and conditions of work. England was still part of an undivided Christendom till, in the third volume, we meet the disintegrating influences of the Reformation and of its logical offspring, involving the action of diverse religious agencies upon our social history—notably, as Dr. Traill puts it, "the vital energy of the Puritan spirit." We regret that space prevents quotation of his discerning remarks upon the persistence of that influence on the mass of living Englishmen, but only stray reference to these encyclopædic volumes has been possible. As the third volume covers just a century, we look with apprehension to the limits of the whole work.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Thrice the Quiltered cat hath mewed—nay, four times, for in the leading reviews this month Mr. Quilter discourses on the duties of women, the morals of literature, the education of girls, and the relations of criticism to art. Needless to say that Mr. Quilter finds some sad lapses in criticism from his own canons: the present method of educating girls is wrong; women are writing books which shock Mr. Quilter, and the whole moral outlook of literature is deplorable. I cannot find any striking originality in all this, and in spite of Mr. Quilter's philippics, the world is likely to wag pretty much as before. Heroic efforts to withstand what Mr. Quilter supposes to be depravity in literature are not of much account when they are inspired by a zeal which is not according to knowledge. A critic who lays down the principle that we ought not to tolerate in fiction and the drama what we would not tolerate in our own life and conversation is scarcely helpful to the general philosophy. The "Philistine" who started in the *Westminster Gazette* this protest against the tendencies of modern fiction, and who conducted his case with so much ability, tact, and moderation, must be rather out of humour with an ally like Mr. Quilter. If fiction and drama are to be wrapped up in swaddling clothes, and nourished with the philosophy which would not raise a blush in a Clapham tea-party, we must lock up Shakspeare and burn Fielding. On the whole, I do not think this climax will be achieved, even if the copious Quilter should go on writing four articles a month.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Herbert Spencer shows without much trouble that he is more than a match for the dialectics of Mr. Balfour. Mr. Andrew Reid, who is always creating "new parties," gravely assures us that Free Trade is an incubus, an opinion which is shared by that eccentric controversialist, Mr. G. H. Round, who writes in the *National* on what he calls the "revival" of Protection. Mr. Claude Phillips in the *Fortnightly* on the year's pictures is both interesting and judicial, which can scarcely be said of the writer in the *Nineteenth Century* on French art. If, after reading Mr. Quilter, anybody has a taste for missionary rages against Ibsen, the New Woman, and the "problem play," he may turn to Mr. Stutfield and "The Looker-on," in *Blackwood*. Both these oracles are possessed by the notion that if an idea does not commend itself to them, it must be not only unsound, but positively immoral. Indeed, we are warned that the policeman, as the last resort, may have to take up everybody who does not agree with Mr. Stutfield. I am making arrangements for spending the rest of my life in jail. In the *National*, the Rev. James Adderley declares that Socialism is the only policy which embraces the spirit of the Gospel, and deplores the lack of piety in the House of Commons. I fancy that the excellent Conservatives who look to the *National Review* for powder and shot will be rather staggered by the Rev. James. Mr. Frederick Greenwood in the *Contemporary* gives an original explanation of the great expenditure on the Navy. It is all because the Triple Alliance has become a shadow. Had England joined the Alliance it would have remained substantial, and there would have been no need to increase our armaments. I suppose that is the reason why Germany and Italy have been increasing their armaments ever since the Triple Alliance was formed.

The literature of the month is enriched by a play in the *New Review* which bears the names of Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley. I fear there will be disappointment over "Macaire." I cannot see in what respect it is superior to

world." It recalls athletic jokes, hoarse voices, bottled beer, and all the fiercer manifestations of Anglo-Saxon energy. Mr. William Archer explains in the same number why the criticism of acting has no special attraction for him. He is oppressed by the prominence of the player's personality, and the comparative lack of impersonation, meaning that there is too much of the actor and too little of the character. Mr. Archer "cannot abide" the personality of some actors; but that is no new complaint. "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell," has never been absent from the critical habit. Lamb had a positive affection for Munden's "whimsical image," but if we could see Munden now many of us might detest him. Mr. Archer seems to think that the actor's personality is less agreeable under present conditions than it used to be, and he suggests that the "impersonative" talent has declined. But I suspect that the same objection could have been made against the old actors with equal reason. In Kemble's acting, for example, or Macready's there must have been a very large percentage of Kemble and Macready, especially to playgoers who had purely personal prepossessions against both of them. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Zangwill complains that "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" is unphilosophic, because in the "free union" of Agnes and Cleeve the important question of the children is ignored. Until Mr. Zangwill can show that in actual life two people never form such a union unless they have settled the question of the children on a basis that commends itself to the whole community, this criticism of Mr. Pinero's play is surely beside the mark. It is no part of the dramatist's business to discover the solution of a problem for universal acceptance. All he has to do, if a problem interests him, is to show it to us in its purely experimental stage. Mr. Zangwill has neglected to distinguish between the writer of a philosophical treatise and the framer of an Act of Parliament. In *Harper's* Mr. Howells has an article on "Literary New York," from which I gather that Mr. E. C. Stedman used to wear his whiskers like Arthur Pendennis; and in the *Century* Mr. Howells discourses on charity and the principle of treating every man according to his deserts, a theme on which Shakspeare had something to say which Mr. Howells appears to have forgotten. Mr. Lang in *Longman's* is vastly interested in Mr. Howells's dreams, and I suspect that he is inclined to take quite seriously a paper in the *Cosmopolitan* by Mr. Brooks, an American theatrical manager, who explains

THE QUEEN'S HEAD, SOUTHWARK.

Southwark was from mediæval times celebrated for its fine old inns, and it is unfortunate that so few have come down to us, and still further, that one of the most interesting so remaining is doomed, at all events as an inn, if not out of existence. The Queen's Head was about a stone's-throw from the Tabard, and existed as far back as 1587;



THE QUEEN'S HEAD, AN OLD INN IN HIGH STREET, SOUTHWARK, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

but the same inn really was known a century earlier, for in 1452, as the Crossed or Crowned Keys, it belonged to the Poyning family. Elizabeth, wife of Robert Poyning, swordbearer to Jack Cade, defended the house in 1470 from her "friend's relations." That the property was not so valuable then is evidenced from the fact that in 1518 it was let for forty shillings the half-year, and in 1529 the King used it as a store-place for harness or armoury. It is supposed that as the power of Papacy declined, the name was changed to that it has held ever since. The most noted owner the Queen's Head ever had was the very celebrated John Harvard, sometime student of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. This great Puritan and emigrant to New England was the founder of Harvard University, of world-wide fame. In the Southwark fire, 1676, in which so many of the old inns perished, the precaution was taken of blowing up a house in the gateway, which prevented the flames spreading, and so saved the old fabric, which has now fallen into a state of dilapidation. The County Council has examined the walls, stripped away some plastering, and laid bare the fine old oak beams and stonework, but these are not, apparently, in a condition to allow it to remain. We have illustrated the inn from the old gateway, quiet after the roar of traffic in Borough High Street, where it has stood for more than five centuries, looking out on the changes and changed condition of men and things in that long period, though come now to a time when it must justify its existence to the London County Council or disappear into that past that holds the Tabard, the George, and the White Hart among the other galleried inns and memories of Old Southwark.

THE NEW PARISH CHURCH AT CRATHIE.

The Queen will doubtless have great satisfaction in the completion of the new parish church at Crathie, which is to be opened during her residence at Balmoral. There are many links between the parish and the royal family, and in the erection of this new edifice the Queen and her children have taken very deep interest. The pulpit, a particularly ornate feature, is the gift of the royal household. Its base consists of grey granite from the Inver quarries not far from Balmoral Castle. The pulpit itself is of Scottish granite, marble, and porphyry, decorated with Iona pebbles and marbles which have been presented by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. The fine granite font was given by the Duke of Connaught. For the benefit of this church a bazaar of unique interest, owing to the presence of so many members of the royal family, was held last year, and realised a large sum of money.

The *English Historical Review* for June maintains its reputation. It is the one periodical publication of this country written for specialists in history. But it contains much which also interests all who would desire to know the latest which has been written on historical subjects. Sir Frederick Pollock inquires who was the Pope who deposed himself, and quotes an amusing Latin story on the subject. Mr. Martin Hume takes Professor Laughton to task for making light of the religious element in the struggles between England and Spain in the days of the Armada; and some of the best recent books on English history, such as Professor Gardiner's last volume, and Mr. Trail's "Social England," are reviewed with a thoroughness that is impossible in newspapers. Cicero and Saint Simon, d'Alberoni and the Marquis d'Argenson, Laud and Montrose, Florentine history, French history, Russian history, and much more, make up two hundred pages of learning—useful, if almost bewildering in variety.



THE NEW PARISH CHURCH AT CRATHIE.

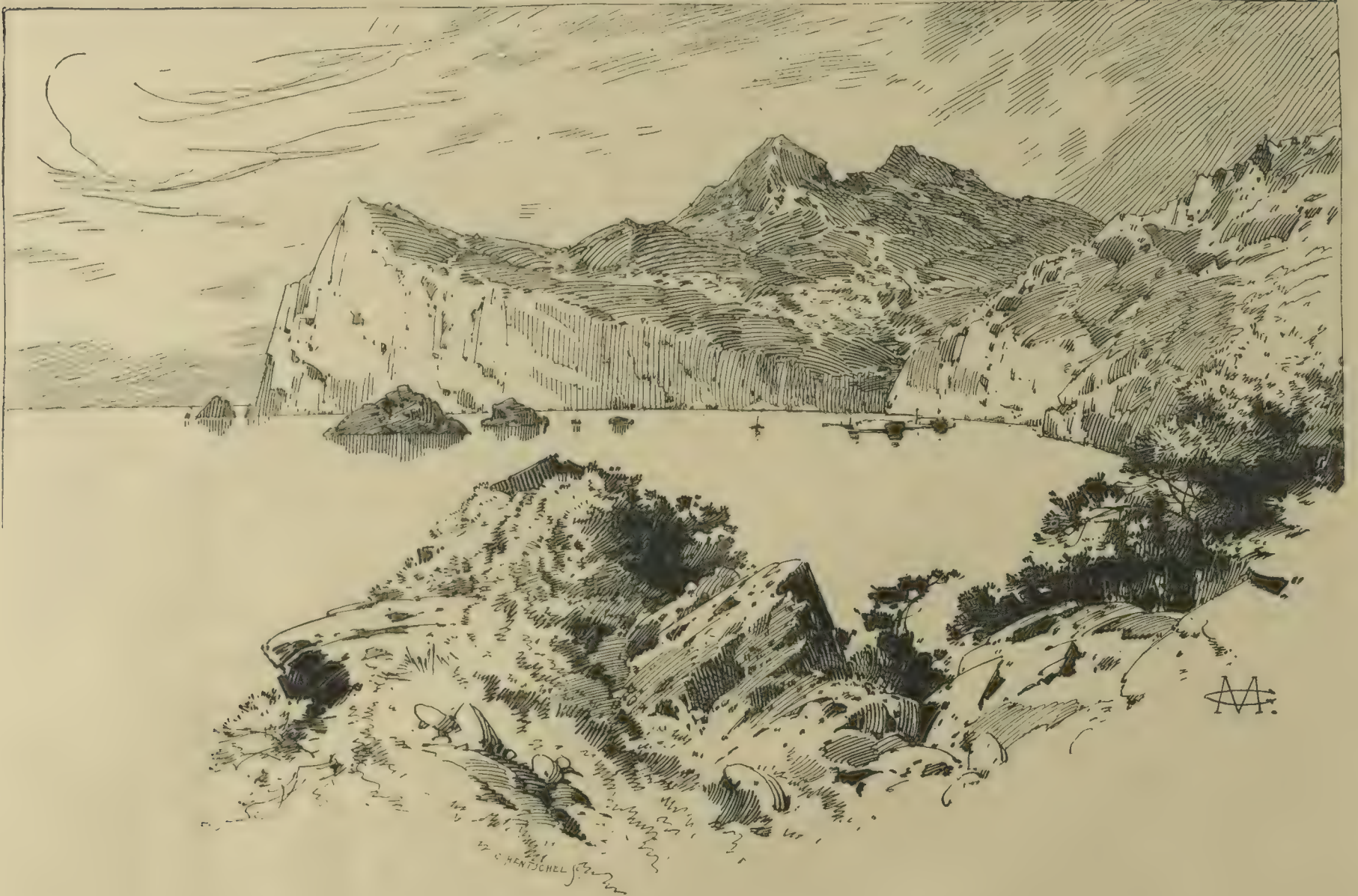
Photo by W. Maxwell Maynard.

the ordinary stage version of the story, and it is written in a style full of amazing incongruities. The characters are French, and the scene is French. Yet Macaire swears "By the Lord Harry," Bertrand calls a policeman "a bobby," and the father of the heroine talks the vernacular of an East Anglian rustic. The *New Review* has a ballad by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, more like his old manner than most of the verses he has been publishing lately. The "Song of the Banjo" is written in a strident style, exactly fitted to the instrument which Mr. Kipling calls the "war-drum of the English round the

that plays are always written in the theatre, chiefly by the stage-manager and the stage carpenter. "No wonder that literature is divorced from the stage!" exclaims a writer who, though anonymous, may not be unknown to Mr. Lang; and therefore I beg to assure him that, whatever may be the rule in Ohio, plays in London are not usually produced in the fashion described by Mr. Brooks. In the *English Illustrated* there is an interesting paper by Mr. Walter Pollock on the Château d'If; and Mr. Albert Vandam has more of his interminable scandals of the Second Empire in the *North American*.—L. F. AUSTIN.

SKETCHES IN FORMOSA.

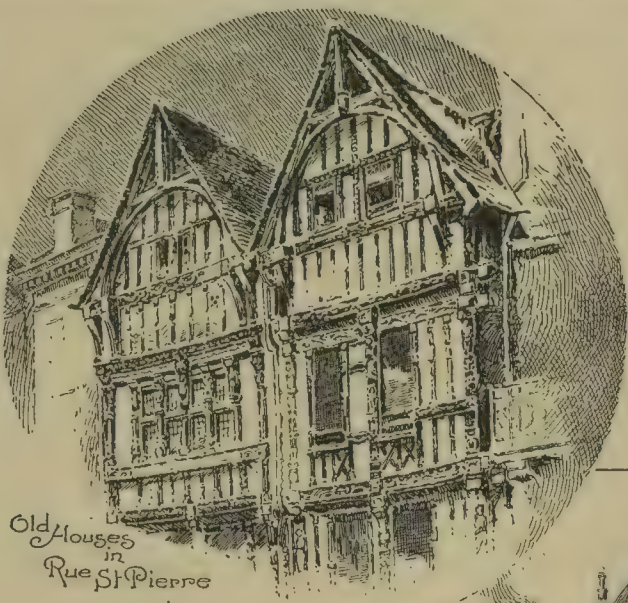
By Captain Gambier.



ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR OF KEELING, FORMOSA, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE JAPANESE FLEET.



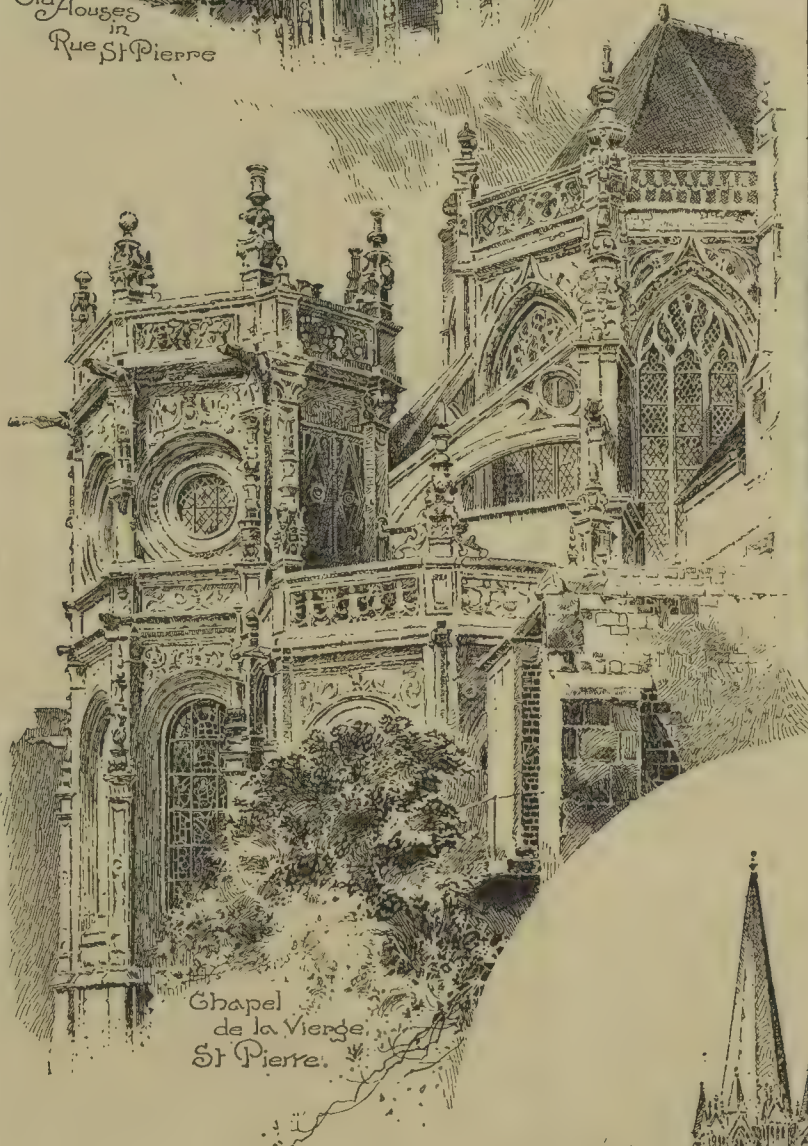
BAY ON THE NORTH SIDE OF KEELING, FORMOSA, WITH FLEET AT ANCHOR OFF THE TOWN.



Old Houses
in
Rue St Pierre



An Old
Courtyard.



Chapel
de la Vierge
St Pierre.



Abbaye aux
Hommes.
Yon Le Parc

CAEN.

W. P. Robinson
1894.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It seems that I reckoned without my host when I remarked in last week's article that I had failed to obtain any response to my inquiries regarding Dr. G. Wyld's interesting suggestion concerning the nature of the feelings or ideas of persons under the influence of chloroform or other anæsthetic. An American correspondent writes to say that for years he has taken a great interest in this subject, that a friend and himself had experimented for some years with anæsthetics, that they are not satisfied with the results obtained, but that one result he regards as worthy of being chronicled. Experimenting with ether, the two friends, "discovered a regular order in the psychological phenomena experienced under increasing doses, and finally this surprising result—that without the influence of ether we could at will assume some of the states of mind which were at first attainable only by the influence of ether." They also found, what Dr. Wyld experienced, "a great 'heightening,' or 'intensifying,' of faculties which in ordinary life are nearly so dormant as to be hardly recognised, and that in this 'heightened,' or 'intensified,' condition of mind we could with much success and for considerable periods follow each other's thought without speech, and merely by looking each other in the eyes." My correspondent adds that he sees in such results a possibility of throwing light on "the question of thought transference"; and directs my attention to a work entitled "The Anæsthetic Revelation," written (he thinks) by Benjamin Paul Blood, and published twenty or more years ago. The object of this book is to indicate that, through anæsthesia, we may "arrive at a condition of mental illumination and certitude about the fundamental facts of existence."

It will be seen that my correspondent's views regarding the mental states produced by anæsthetics are similar to those entertained by Dr. Wyld, who in the *Lancet* replies to the criticisms of Dr. Guthrie, referred to in my last week's article. I again confess to being sceptical regarding the value of the phenomena detailed both by Dr. Wyld and my American correspondent. Of what value can be sensations or ideas which are produced by a narcotic influence such as robs us of that consciousness which is the veritable foundation of all our waking and rational acts? What "the state of mind" may be which my correspondent and his friend experienced under ether he does not specify, though he kindly offers to afford fuller details. His statement that certain "faculties" (not specified) dormant in ordinary life are heightened and intensified during ether-anæsthesia is insusceptible of criticism, because one does not know to what "faculties" he alludes. If their powers represent those of "thought-transference" then surely it requires no anæsthetic to induce a state in which such faculties can be exercised; assuming that there is such a thing as transference of ideas from one person to another without any ordinary means of communication being exercised. "Thought-reading," whatever may be indicated by that term, seems to be practised very successfully without anæsthetics. What one wants to know is how or why an abnormal condition of brain, decidedly opposed, one would say, to sharpening the intelligence should prove stimulating to mental powers and faculties. Dr. Wyld, if I mistake not, holds that it is the prior stage of excitement in chloroform-administration in which the links between mind and matter may possibly be perceptible.

Dr. Wyld in his latest remarks objects to sleep (and dreams) being regarded as analogous to anæsthesia. For he says that while a prick with a pin will awake the soundest sleeper, a limb may be amputated under chloroform while the subject "simply smiles and dreams on." The true analogy, according to Dr. Wyld, is one between trance and anæsthesia; and he adds that trance is a condition physiology cannot explain—"a condition of the mind or soul independent of the body." Does not this latter statement beg the whole question? Who knows anything about the mind or soul in such a condition? and who can postulate with safety that it becomes "independent of the body"? I should like also to remind Dr. Wyld that from reverie or abstraction to sleep, and from sleep to somnambulism, and from sleep-walking to hypnotism and trance, we possess a natural and graduated series of transitions such as do not quite place trance "outside of physiology." My own opinion is that under anæsthesia, as under deep sleep, we have to deal simply with tricks and byways of brain-action. I agree with Dr. Guthrie that it would be a very hazardous business indeed to found a psychology on the vagaries one sees and hears (or experiences) under the preliminary excitement of an anæsthetic. At the same time, by all means let us have such experiences chronicled and criticised. If any proceeding is to bring us nearer to the solution of the mystery of brain and mind, it is not for science to scoff at any suggestions, however unlikely of psychological fruit-bearing they may at first appear to be.

Snake-bite is an accident which has a peculiar interest on account of the usually fatal nature of the injury. Everybody knows how great is the mortality from snake-bite which is annually represented in India, for example; and the futility of most ordinary remedies forms not the least important, if also regrettable feature of the whole topic. A suggestion has been made of late days, however, which may bear fruit in solving the difficulties of snake-bite treatment. Writing from Herschel, South Africa, Dr. Cartwright Reed directs attention in the case of two dogs bitten by a "cobra." Each dog recovered under treatment, and now, it is said, the two animals hunt and destroy snakes with immunity from the consequences of frequent bites. A native bitten twice in succeeding years suffered severely from the first bite, but showed comparative indifference under his second misfortune. The inference here is that the first bite inoculates and immunises the system against a subsequent injury. The principle of making microbes fight against themselves, illustrated in the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, for example, may possibly find its analogue in inoculation by modified snake-poison against the effects of that potent virus.

CHESS.

J. ARROWSMITH (Islington).—If you will play over the solution as published, you will find the problem is quite sound.
I. F. M. (Hampstead).—Thanks for your courteous correction.
A. NEWMAN.—Scarcely up to our standard, and in any case there is a bad dual in the main variation. White can continue with either your own move or 2. Kt to Q B 4th (ch), etc.
F. R. (Hittins).—We shall have pleasure in complying with your request.
CHEVALIER DESANGES and Rev W. E. THOMPSON.—Corrected problems shall be reported upon in due course.
J. K. M. LUTON (Richmond).—It shall be examined at once.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2663 received from A. A. Bowden (California); of No. 2664 from Trimbak Ganesh (Jhansi) and A. A. Bowden; of No. 2665 from A. A. Bowden (California); of No. 2666 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth) and Evans (Port Hope); of No. 2667 from S. Seijas (Barcelona) and J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 2668 from A. B. (Jersey), Hubert Dobell (Whittington), and Franklin Institute; of No. 2669 from Albert Wolff, A. B. (Jersey), T. G. (Ware), W. Lillie (Marple), J. Bailey (Newark), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), C. M. A. B., W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), Castle Lea, Rev. W. E. Thompson, Albert C. F. Morgan, G. Douglas Angus, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and S. Seijas (Barcelona).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2670 received from E. E. H. C. E. Perugini, E. Louden, Oliver Icingla, R. H. Brooks, W. R. Baillem, W. Wright, Castle Lea, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), N. Thomas (Southampton), T. G. (Ware), J. B. Wesley (Exeter), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W. P. Lind, W. Lillie (Marple), H. H. (Peterborough), B. D. Wilmet, R. Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, Er. Fernando (Glasgow), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), F. Waller (Luton), Albert Wolff, W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. F. Moon, T. Roberts, F. Leete (Sudbury), Alpha, H. S. Brandroth, J. A. B., M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), Martin P., Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), B. Copeland (Chelmsford), S. Seijas (Barcelona), and Ubique.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2669.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.
1. Kt to B 6th
2. Q takes B (ch)
3. B mates.

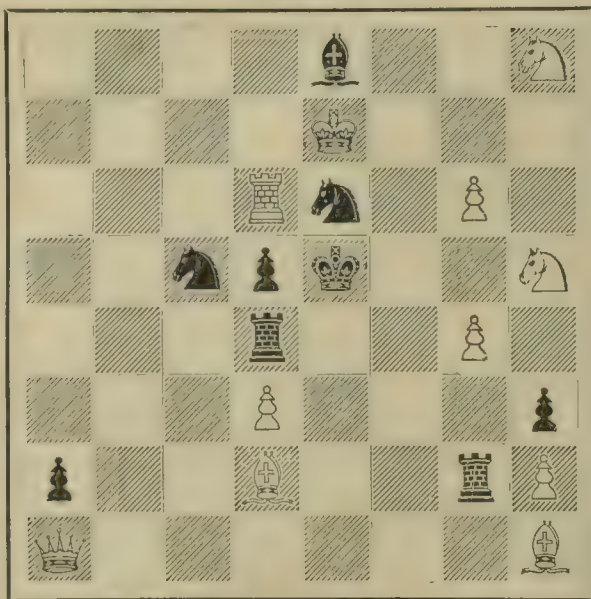
BLACK.
P takes Kt
R takes Q

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. B to B 8th (ch); if 1. B to Kt 7th or K 6th, 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch); if 1. B takes Kt, 2. Q to Q 5th (ch); if 1. P to B 6th, then 2. Kt (at K 6th) to Q 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2672.

By JOSE PALUZIE (Barcelona).

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played recently in the Masters' Tournament between Messrs. MAX JUDD and MARCO.

(Ponziani Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. B takes B	Kt takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Kt to B 5th	
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th		A good move, which really gives White a winning game.
4. Q to R 4th	P to B 3rd	23. Kt to K 6th	P to Kt 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	24. B takes B	B takes P
6. P takes P	Q takes P	25. Kt takes R	Q takes Kt
7. Castles	B to Q 2nd	26. K R to Kt sq	Q to B 3rd
8. P to Q 4th	P to K 5th	27. Kt to K 3rd	P to R 4th
9. K Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	28. P to Q 5th	P to B 4th
10. B to B 4th	Q to K R 4th	29. P to Q 4th	Q to B 5th
11. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th	30. R to Kt 5th	Q to Q 3rd
	Black, with prospects of attack on King's side, has now a good game.	31. P to B 5th	
12. R to K sq	Castles (Q R)		Too hasty. Now Black attacks the undefended R, and wins rather luckily.
	There was no hurry for this. Kt to K Kt 3rd, and afterwards to K R 5th, would have been better, so far as we can judge.	32. R to Q B sq	Q to B 3rd
13. Kt to B sq		33. P takes K P	P takes Kt
	Both White's last moves are excellent for defensive purposes.	34. P takes P	Kt takes Q P
14. P to Q Kt 4th	P to K Kt 4th	35. P to Kt 7th (ch)	P to B 3rd
15. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt sq	36. R to Kt 3rd	K to B 2nd
16. Kt to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	37. Q to Q 2nd	R to K B sq
17. P to Q R 4th	P to Kt 5th	38. R to Kt sq	Kt to R 3rd
18. P to Kt 5th	P takes P		
19. P takes P	Q to K sq		A curious oversight. White could have won by Q to R 5th (ch). Now Black wins.
20. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd		

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. RANBITCHEK and S. LIPSCHUTZ. (Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17.	Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		Some pretty play now appears, and Black conducts the attack with much skill.
3. B to B 4th	P to B 4th	18. P takes Kt	Q to R 5th (ch)
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. Kt to R 3rd	B takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		Threatening now B takes Kt; and if P takes B, mate in two moves.
6. Castles	Castles	20. K to Kt sq	Kt takes Kt P
7. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd		B takes Kt seems fairly answered by Kt takes Kt; hence the present more remarkable continuation.
8. B to K 3rd	P to R 2nd	21. P to B 3rd	B takes Kt
9. B takes B		22. Q to Q 2nd	Kt takes R
	As a general rule it is not well for Black to allow the Bishop to be captured in this position. His Rook is badly posted for subsequent play.	23. Q takes Kt	Q to R 3rd
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	R takes B	24. R to Q sq	B to K 3rd
11. R to K sq	Kt to K 2nd	25. Q to B 2nd	Q R to R sq
12. Kt to B sq	B to Kt 5th	26. K to B sq	B takes B
13. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd	27. P takes B	P to K B 4th
	The object of going to B 5th is accomplished, but instead of the weak move of P to R 3rd White should have replied quietly with Kt to K 3rd.		This, which has the effect of forcing open the K B file, seems to win the day. It is clear that White cannot continue the struggle. The return of Mr. Lipschutz to chess circles is a welcome event.
14. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to B sq	28. P takes P	R takes P
15. K to R 2nd	Kt to B 5th	29. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to B 5th
16. Kt to Kt sq	Q to Q sq	30. K to Kt 2nd	Q R to K B sq
17. Kt (Kt 3) to K 2		31. R to K R sq	Q to Kt 3rd
	As the Knight cannot well be driven from his post, this is another poor move, P to Q 4th being preferable.		Black wins.

For the first time in its existence the Metropolitan Club has issued an annual report, advantage of which has been taken to give a complete record of the club from its formation. Such a story of unchecked success in its way almost unique; for in the short space of five years the club has sprung from the obscurity of coffee-house casuals to be one of the leading chess organisations of the world. Those of its members who, like Mr. A. Morton Smith, have been connected with it from the beginning, must regard with pride this phenomenal growth; but the present prosperity is only the deserved reward of the club's excellent and energetic management.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

An extremely interesting ceremony took place at Halifax, Yorkshire, on June 6. That constituency has been represented in Parliament for thirty-six years by Mr. James Stansfeld, who by virtue of his Privy Councillor's position is "Right Hon.," and whose inclusion in the last birthday honours as a Grand Cross of the Bath has made him Sir James Stansfeld. He has announced his intention of retiring from Parliament (on the ground of his advancing years) at the next General Election; and as he has been one of the most unfailing and most courageous friends that the woman's cause has found in the last twenty-five years, both in and out of the House of Commons, women resolved to ask him to accept a special farewell celebration at their hands. As Sir James is a Yorkshire man, and has represented a Yorkshire constituency continuously for half a lifetime, it seemed suitable to give this gathering something of a local tone. So the hon. secretary was Mrs. Alice Cliff Scatcherd, of Morley, the reception was held in Halifax Town Hall, with the mayor in the chair, the address was read by Mrs. Richardson, of York, and handed to Sir James by Mrs. Crossley, daughter of the late Sir E. Baines, M.P., of Leeds. But the representative signatories were from all England, from Scotland, Ireland, and Italy, and delegates were present at the meeting from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Bristol, and other towns.

The gathering had truly womanly grace and prettiness, from the charming decorations of the platform to the carefully chosen floral ornamentations of the handsome book in which the address was inscribed. In the wording of this the various movements that have had the advantage of Sir James Stansfeld's support are mentioned seriatim. It begins with a reference to the obligation felt to him by women "as citizens" for the stand that he has made "for the rights of peoples each to live their own national life"—an allusion to the time when Mr. Stansfeld was the chief supporter in this country of Mazzini and other strugglers for Italian independence, and gave up his seat in the Ministry of the day in order to defend the sanctity of the Italian refugees' correspondence which the then Liberal Postmaster-General was allowing the Austrian masters of Italy to violate. Then the address passes to the more specially woman's matters, and refers to the fact that Mr. Stansfeld supported John Stuart Mill in the first demand for women's suffrage, and has ever since been an unfailing advocate of "that freedom which is the safeguard of all others—namely, the right to be represented in the Parliament of the nation." Then comes a reference to his services to the cause of equal laws about morality. It is next recalled that he was "the first Minister of the Crown to set the example of employing a woman in the higher ranks of Government administration." Mr. Stansfeld when President of the Local Government Board appointed Mrs. Senior the first woman Poor-law Inspector; and it was her observations and suggestions in regard to the treatment of pauper children that were so much appreciated as not only to lead to reforms in that direction and to the wider admission of women to Poor-law work, but also to the employment of women as Government Inspectors in various other directions. Mr. Stansfeld's services in procuring the medical education of women—he having both given, as a Cabinet Minister, official help in the matter, and been treasurer to the London School of Medicine for Women—and his support of the inclusion of wives who are ratepayers in any enfranchising measure like the Parish Councils Act, and his votes and speeches in favour of the Married Women's Property Act, the Custody of Infants Act, and the Act under which magistrates may order a separation between wife-beaters and their victims, are successively mentioned.

It will be seen that this list touches on nearly the whole of the reforms, legal and social, that have been gained for women during the past quarter of a century; and a truly remarkable record it is. Well, therefore, may the address conclude by saying that "as long as life lasts there will remain a warm place in our memories for the man who was among the first to help us, and has never failed us in our hour of need." It must have been pleasant to Sir James Stansfeld to be made to feel that such affectionate remembrance remains of the many occasions on which it can have been by no means easy for him (a statesman of Cabinet rank) to support measures that, though now universally approved, were in their day of inception unpopular and even accounted ridiculous. Nor can it fail to encourage other men disposed to work for more equal laws and wider social opportunities for women to know that their clients are grateful. Sir James made a beautiful speech, in which he declared that the "woman movement" had advanced all along the line with a rapidity never equalled in any revolution of similar magnitude, and added that the great thing we have to learn is ever to remember practically the sisterhood of women, high and low.

At this same moment another of the early workers for women has died, in the person of Miss Emily Faithfull. Born sixty years ago, she was a daughter of a Surrey vicar, and as a girl was presented at Court and mixed in society in London; but after a few years she became alive to the pressure and suffering caused by the then narrow list of employments considered fit for women. In 1860 she started a printing and publishing business in which she trained young women as compositors; and the Queen not only gave "the Victoria Press" the right to use her name, but also appointed Miss Faithfull "Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty." The difficulties that Miss Faithfull had to struggle against were tremendous, the influence of the male compositors' union being directed against her, and in the long run she only partly succeeded. She became a martyr to asthma, and had to abandon active public work some years ago, when the Queen presented her with a signed copy of her Majesty's photograph, and a gift was made to her from the Royal Bounty. She has lately only been able to help women's questions by writing upon them; up to a few weeks ago her clear, thoughtful contributions appeared regularly in the *Lady's Pictorial*. But she did her cause some mischief by appearing always as *manly* as possible; her torso portrait looks that of a stout serious gentleman—such a mistake!

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Corpulent people will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. The author of this pamphlet guarantees a reduction in weight in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. The author advises his readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because they ought to know. On sending cost of postage (6d.), a book "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store St., Bedford Square, London, W.C.

The following are some extracts from Press notices:

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN CORPULENCY.

A Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses to moderately lean persons of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby proving conclusively to our minds that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed, for after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2 lb. to even 12 lb. in seven days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any person can test this for themselves by standing on a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural production of heat in the body; but Nature has only stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most jealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasions of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalubrious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetal knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious products of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious sections of the vegetable world, doubtless can decoct something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell (we herewith append his address: Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, price 6d., stamps, post free), makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink, pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2 lb. or more in twenty-four hours. We think stout persons would do well to send for his book, which can be obtained at the address given above.—*Leeds Times*, Dec. 1, 1894.

SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar-cruet, and succeeds only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from two pounds to twelve pounds per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only 6d. It is entitled, "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is published by him at Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.—*The Million*.

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It is a matter for congratulation that obesity is taking its proper place as a disease, and is receiving that scientific attention which it has long lacked. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is astonishing how long we go on perpetuating error, and how difficult it is to make people disbelieve anything, no matter how palpably false the principle, if it has become at all firmly fixed in the public mind. These facts with regard to obesity, however, are so obvious that there ought to be no difficulty about their acceptance when once they become known; and, as a matter of fact, the immense number of persons who have already acknowledged their truth by recording the benefits received from Mr. Russell's treatment is simply wonderful. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), only costs 6d., post free, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really worth reading.—*Southport Visitor*.

TO METAMORPHOSE FAT PERSONS.

We were reading in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* how to reduce obesity, wherein it says in that very excellent publication: "The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month, with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. The Book, 'Corpulency and the Cure' (256 pages), containing the 'recipe,' can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, sixpence." We had the curiosity to send to this specialist, and found to our surprise that he had discovered a simple herbal remedy, most pleasant to the taste, which entirely disposed of the necessity of starving oneself if he wished to be rid of all superfluous matter. To lean persons the medicine is absolutely inoperative, attacking only that unhealthy, disease-creating waste accumulation, which is the burden of the fat creature's existence. In the case of corpulency, if a simple remedy undertakes to reduce a person, say 7 lb. in a week, all that one has to do is to get weighed, and thus prove it conclusively. So it is with Mr. Russell's compound; but he asks you to prove it in twenty-four hours only.—*Coventry Standard*, Jan. 18, 1895.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1895), with four codicils (dated Jan. 15, March 1, and two March 11), of Mrs. Anne Towry Hall, of 17, Lowndes Square, who died on March 24, was proved on May 25 by the Hon. and Rev. Llewellyn Charles Irby, Charles Peter Allix, and Gustav Oscar Unna, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £105,213. The testatrix bequeaths £20,000 to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, as a memorial of her late husband, Major Charles Hall; £20,000 upon trust for her brother, Charles John West, and his children; £10,000 to her nephew, Alexander Cross Hall; her residence in Lowndes Square, with the furniture and effects, and £5000 to her sister, Mary Isabella Jackson; and other legacies. She directs all Government duties on the legacies to be paid out of the residue of her estate. The residue of her estate and effects she gives to the Earl of Jersey. By the will, the testatrix leaves £3000 for the benefit of the poor of Weston Colville, Cambridgeshire; £2000 each for the benefit of the poor of the respective parishes of Leckhampstead, Bucks, and Great Barford, and Great Rollright, Oxfordshire, and large legacies to hospitals and other charitable institutions; but by one of the codicils she declares that any stock transferred or money paid by her to any of the said parishes, hospitals, or institutions after the date of the will, is to be taken in satisfaction of the said legacies. This does not affect the legacy to St. George's Hospital, which is given by one of the codicils and not by the will.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1893), with a codicil (dated Aug. 21 following), of Mr. Arthur Edward Durham, F.R.C.S., consulting surgeon to Guy's Hospital, of 82, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on May 7, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Mary Durham, the widow, Frederic Durham, the brother, Herbert Edward Durham, the son, and Sharon Grote Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £76,338. The testator bequeaths the share and interest, which he became entitled to as his next-of-kin, of his late son Arthur Ellis Durham, in the residuary estate of his grandfather, William Ellis, subject to the life interest of his (testator's) wife, to his surviving children in equal shares; £3000 each to his eight surviving children; £3000 to his brother and executor Frederic Durham; £500 to his brother Ashley Durham; £200 to his cousin and executor, Sharon Grote Turner; £50 to his old friend, John Croft; £20 to his late coachman, William Birch; and all his surgical instruments, microscopes, scientific apparatus, etc., to be divided between his children and his brother Frederic, his son Herbert Edward and his brother to have first choice. The residue of his estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 13, 1893) of Mr. Joseph McGregor Campbell, of 30 and 32, King's Road, Chelsea, jeweller, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on May 30 by Joseph McGregor Campbell, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £76,969. The testator bequeaths £25,000 upon trust for his daughter Eliza Campbell for life, and then as she shall by will

appoint; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his said son.

The will (dated May 9, 1894) of Mr. Martin Wilkes, J.P., of Sandford House, in the parish of Claverley, Shropshire, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on May 30 by Mrs. Ellen Maria Wilkes, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £44,426. Subject to the payment of his debts, the testator gives and bequeaths everything he possesses, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 16, 1890), of Mrs. Isabella Harrison, widow of the Venerable Benjamin Harrison, for many years Archdeacon of Maidstone, of 7, Bedford Square, who died on April 30, was proved on May 27 by Charles Inglis Thornton, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,812. The testatrix gives all her real and personal estate to her said nephew absolutely. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton, of Battersea Rise, some time M.P. for Southwark.

The will (dated May 21, 1890) of Dame Sarah Anne Amowah Pollock, widow of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., late Chief Baron of the Exchequer, of Hatton, Middlesex, who died on April 1, was proved on May 6 by Edward James Pollock, the son, and Miss Emily Charlotte Pollock, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £12,968. The testatrix states that she has already appointed £3000 out of the trust funds under her marriage settlement to her daughter Dame Clara Jessie Chitty, and she now appoints £500 equally between her daughters, Helena, Emily Charlotte, Edith Caroline, and Ada Theodora; £500 to her son Edward James, and the remainder of the said trust funds to her last-named four daughters, and her daughters Anna and Laura Frances. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughters Helena, Emily Charlotte, Edith Caroline, and Ada Theodora.

The will of Mr. William Blizard Williamson, Alderman and J.P., of Matlock Bridge, Derbyshire, and of the city of Worcester, who died on May 2 at 1, Montague Street, Russell Square, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Sarah Jane Mayfield Williamson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4135.

The will of Mr. Harry Tichborne Hinckes, J.P., M.P. for North Staffordshire 1880-85, and for the Leek division of the same county 1886-92, of Tettenhall Wood, near Wolverhampton, who died on March 19, was proved on May 16 by the Hon. Mrs. Mary Ward Hanbury, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3351.

The death is announced of the Rev. S. L. Warren, for twenty-five years Rector of Esher. Mr. Warren, who was in his sixtieth year, was the son of the once famous author of "Ten Thousand a Year." It is somewhat astonishing, by the way, that no biography of Samuel Warren has been written. His life was singularly varied and interesting.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Equatorial Africa, Dr. Tugwell, writes that missionary effort in Western Africa is made ineffectual by the traffic in spirits. Gin and drunkenness are brutalising the natives, European goods and manufactures are almost entirely absent from the towns and markets, and trade virtually means the traffic in gin and rum. The Governor of Lagos, Sir Gilbert Carter, says that interference with the liquor traffic would deprive him of his chief means of carrying on his administration. The Governor says that the Christian religion is useless and unintelligible to negroes, and that if we are to get rid of drunkenness we must spread the religion of Islam with its rule of sobriety. It may well be said that the work of the Christian missionary in that region is very discouraging.

The list of lectures to be delivered at the Summer Theological School in Oxford, which will extend from July 15 to July 27, is exceedingly attractive. The Bishop of Colombo is to lecture on Christianity and other religions, a subject on which he delivered an eloquent sermon at Cambridge the other day. Bishop Coplestone has lost none of the epigrammatic vigour for which he is yet well remembered by his contemporaries at Cambridge. Dean Paget will discuss the Pastoral Epistles, and Canon Gore will lecture on the Atonement. The fee is exceedingly moderate, one pound being asked for the right to attend all the lectures.

Canon Medd protests against the canvassing for the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity at Oxford. He says that by May 13 a canvass had so far secured adhesion to a resident candidate that two other excellent candidates—one resident, the other non-resident—retired as from a contest that seemed hopeless. Canon Medd is of opinion that in a matter of this kind it is wholly undeniable that the ordinary tactics of common electioneering, with partisan committees and canvassing, should be resorted to. Manifestly, however, there was a very strong feeling in Oxford as to the eligibility of the gentleman who is likely to be elected.

The Archbishop of York proposes to invite all Non-conformist ministers in the diocese of York to spend a day at Bishopthorpe in the beginning of July. A similar step was taken by his Grace in the diocese of Lichfield about ten years ago. A large number accepted the invitation, while others held aloof, and there was some difference of opinion as to the result of the gathering. The Archbishop is able to understand the feelings of Nonconformists. He was himself brought up as a Presbyterian, and some, if not all, of his brothers remained in the Presbyterian communion.

The Bishop of Newcastle is taking the voyage to New York and back for the benefit of his health.

Canon Driver's new commentary on Deuteronomy was published on June 8.

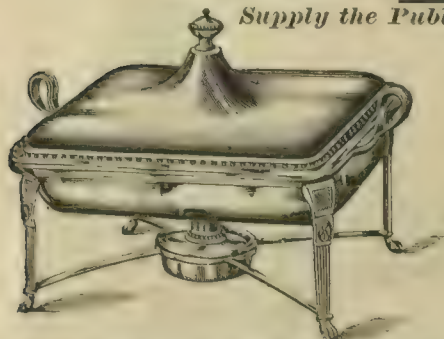
Mr. Coulson Kernahan's notable little book, "God and the Ant," is attracting much attention, and is having a very varied sale all over the country.

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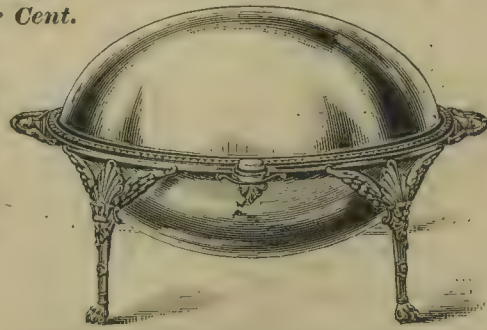
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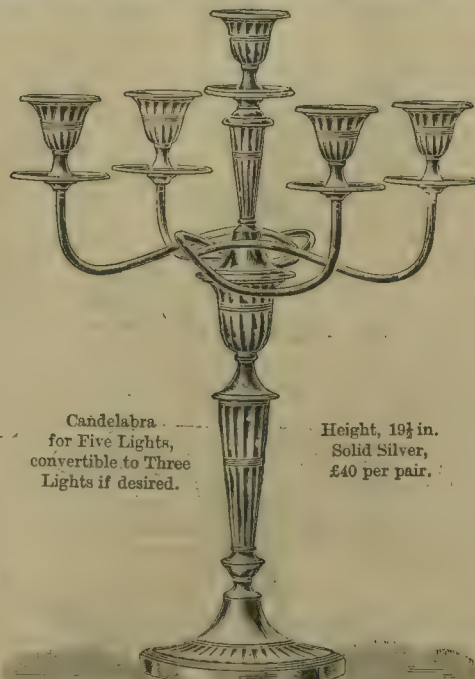
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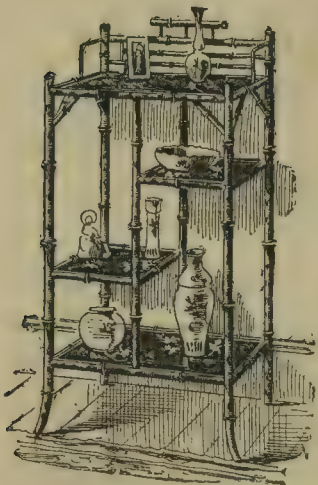
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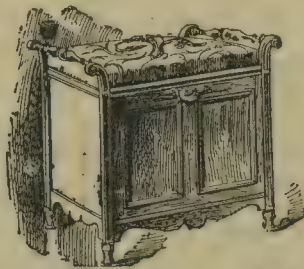
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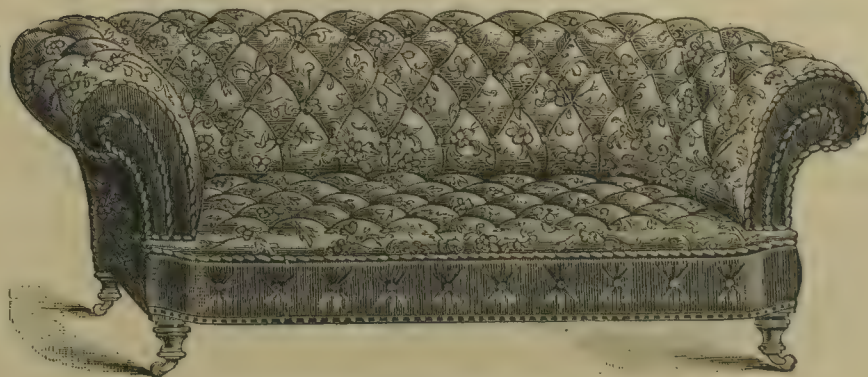
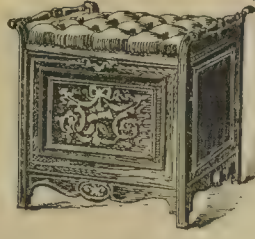
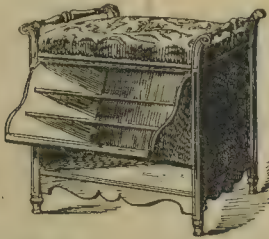
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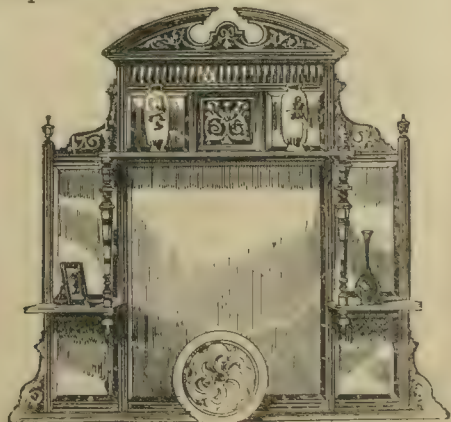
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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The "Sublime Porte," of which we shall probably hear a good deal within the next few weeks, is, in spite of its name, the reverse of sublime, whether we consider the building itself or the notabilities under its roof who are supposed to guide the international relations of Turkey. The use of the word "supposed" will become obvious directly.

As seen from the Bosphorus on a sunny day, the yellowish-white marble palace looks imposing enough, but even then it conveys the impression of a huge mausoleum rather than a habitation for the living. That impression is not altogether dispelled on closer inspection, for the marble is ruffled as it were with verses from the Koran, and the whole of the surroundings of and approaches to the structure are inexpressibly sad and desolate. The grass grows rank in the moderately sized courtyard—at least it did when I was there some eight years ago; many of the windows have shed their Venetian blinds, which instead of being removed or readjusted were allowed to hang by one or two worm-eaten hinges, and even in the softest breeze made a weird noise that broke the deep silence unpleasantly; some of the doors had either altogether disappeared or had been placed bodily against the adjoining wall, waiting to be reinstated for a firman sanctioning whole-sale repairs—a firman which may never come; inasmuch as "the stitch in time that saves nine" does not seem to belong to the proverbial philosophy of the Mussulman.

The guard on duty at the principal entrance and the single sentries at the various doors inside appeared to be

waiting for a similar firman. I had come straight from Paris, and though the Turkish troops are undoubtedly physically superior to the French, the best of the former compare unfavourably with the worst of the latter. At any rate, the *garance* trousers of the *piou-piou*, his steel-blue

greatcoat, his darker-hued tunic, his unsightly *kepi*, though coarse in texture and unshapely in cut, are whole and brushed; he himself is outwardly more or less clean. The uniforms of the Turkish foot-soldiers are worn to a thread, badly patched—if patched at all—and there is a hungry, lean, unkempt look about them which inspires considerably more pity than disgust, for one knows that the poor fellows are scarcely to blame for their want of tidiness.

In fact, after a little while, one wonders why they are there at all, for while I was talking to one of the secretaries whom I had known in Paris, a deaf and dumb beggar came into the room to ask for charity, which modest request was duly complied with, the Turk, whether Christian or Mohammedan, being charitable beyond compare. The beggar left as he came, unmolested, without being as much as admonished, let alone reprimanded for his intrusion. Then we went into another room, the secretary's own, passing through the apartment tenanted by the chief of the Foreign Office, Said Pasha, of whom I caught a glimpse and a friendly but dignified nod, although he had not the remotest notion as to my identity, and probably did not care. I could not help thinking what the late Lord Granville—I quote him because he was very amiable—would have said at one of the secretaries coming not only through his private room, but bringing an absolute stranger with him.

Said Pasha did not seem to mind it. He was talking to Naoum Effendi, the then Secretary-General, and another Oriental whom I did not know. All three were seated on low chairs; on a small table by his side stood coffee-cups and cigarettes; and during the whole of my visit, which lasted for more than an hour, they continued to talk, and probably to smoke and sip



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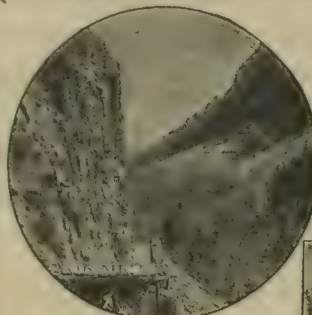
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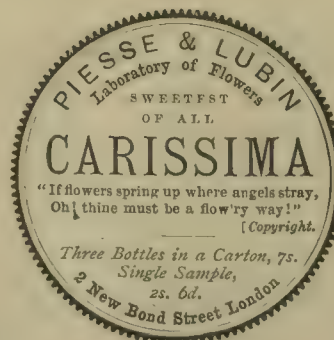
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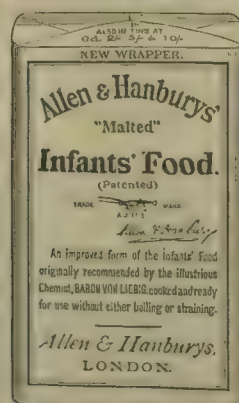
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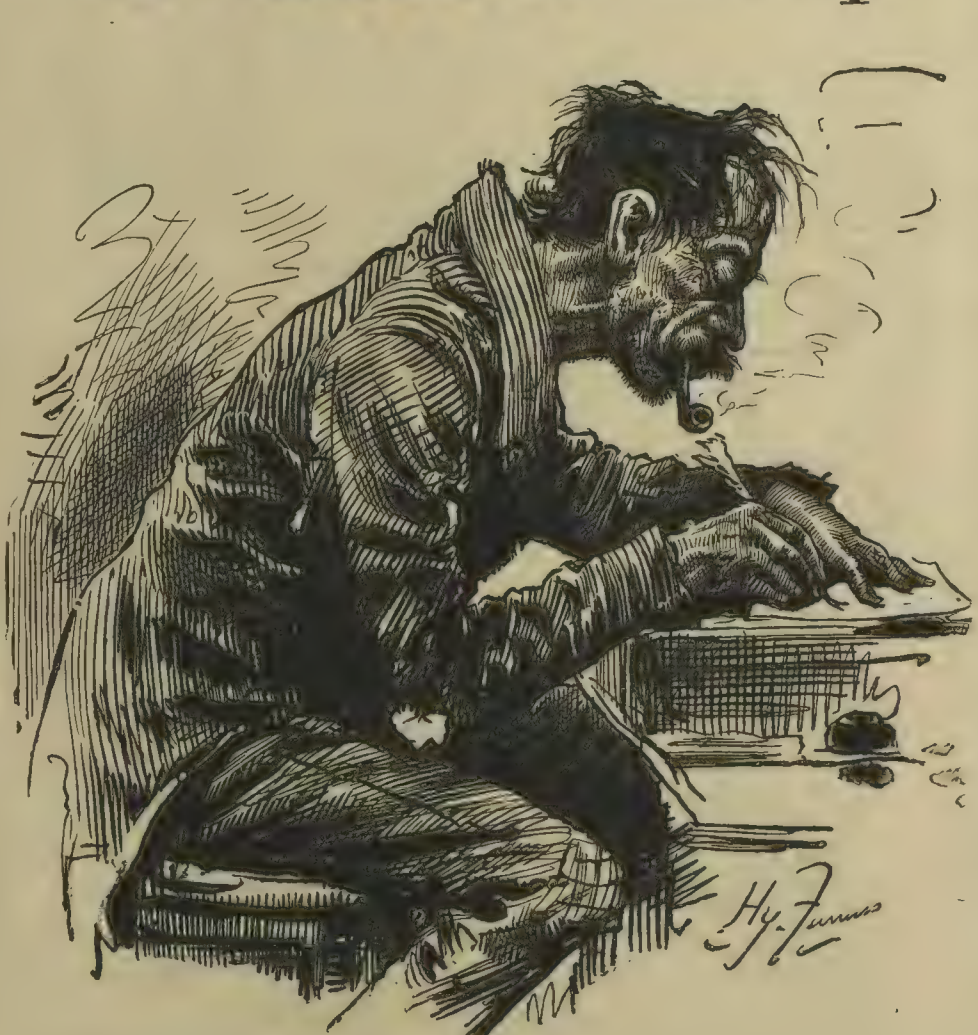
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coffee. I could hear them through the open door; not a single door was shut, everyone seemed to walk in and out again just as they liked.

Of work done, or to be done, not the faintest trace. I caught a glimpse of the room as well as of its chief occupant as I passed through. As far as I can remember, not a single map or plan on the walls. A large number of bulky documents lying in *absolutely* "apple-pie" order on the mahogany desk, as if they had not been touched for weeks; a great many low chairs upholstered in white and crimson silk; two white porcelain stoves facing one another; and on each of the two mantelpieces a gilt clock. The interior of the Turkish Foreign Office is not so dilapidated as the exterior.

This positive listlessness did not strike me as very wonderful, for I had paid a visit to my friend while he was at the Turkish Embassy in Paris, hence I was not altogether unprepared for this state of *dolce far niente*; still, I imagined that the foreign affairs of a country like Turkey cannot be altogether conducted by sitting still. I had, moreover, heard that Said Pasha was a man of considerable attainments. Artim Pasha, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, I know to be equally well-informed, and the Grand Vizier, whom I have never seen, was at that time reputed to be possessed of fair political talents.

I gently hinted all this to my friend. He replied in a straightforward way: "There is but one will

in Turkey. Reamil Pasha, Said Pasha, Artim Pasha, Naoum Effendi, and the rest cannot move an inch in anything without an express command from the Sultan." Abdul-Hamid is in his capacity for work superior, perhaps, to any of his predecessors; unfortunately he attempts too much, and the delay between each decision is proportionately long. I was reminded of this when I read that the Sultan had postponed giving his answer on the Armenian question, and that probably it would not be given until after the Bairam festival. Abdul-Hamid, I am told, knows no foreign languages; nevertheless, someone may have related to him the political tactics of Frederick the Great. "I allow everyone to write and say what they like, but their writing and their talking does not prevent me from doing what I like."

The library of the late Earl of Orford, who was a sincere lover of books, has been sold by auction. There were in it several rare books which fetched a high price.

The heat was so great on June 8 that two sergeants, who were marching from Weybridge to Bisley in connection with the Home District Rifle Meeting, suffered from sunstroke, and have since died.

The Gresham lectures on geometry were delivered at Gresham College on June 4, 5, 6, and 7, by Mr. W. H. Wagstaff, M.A. The Professor took as his theme Elementary Analytical Geometry, a continuation of last term's course, and again excited interest and admiration by the

lucidity of his style and his careful blackboard illustrations. Considering the fact that the lectures were held in Whitsun week, the attendance was a gratifying proof of the revival of their popularity. Only mathematicians in earnest would assemble on warm summer evenings to consider the parabola and homogeneous equations.

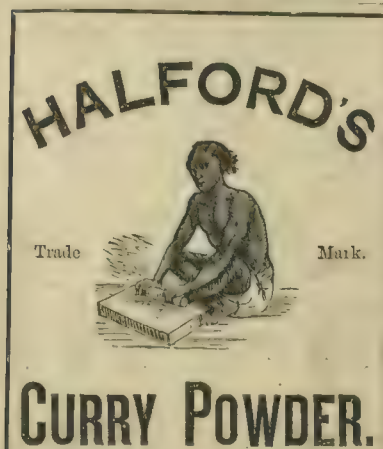
Dr. Waldstein, the Slade Professor of Fine Art at the University of Cambridge, delivered his inaugural lecture in the Senate House on June 8. He chose as his theme "Art at the Universities."

Mr. James Williamson, the M.P. who lately showed excessive zeal by taking a special train to London in order to vote, has now intimated his wish to retire from the representation of Lancaster at the next General Election. He finds Parliamentary life too heavy a burden to bear with the cares of business. He is popular with his constituents, and an attempt is being made to persuade him to reconsider his decision.

M. Theodore Delyanni, who now takes up the duties of Prime Minister of Greece, was present at the Berlin Conference, from which Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury returned, having accomplished "peace with honour." M. Delyanni is more popular in Athens than his old rival, M. Tricoupi, although the latter has hitherto been regarded as the abler statesman. It is a strangely modern fact that the formal resignation of the Tricoupi Ministry was telephoned to the King of Greece.



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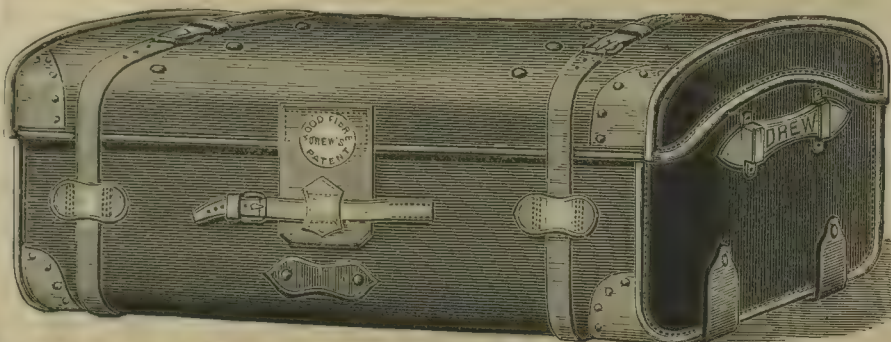
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PARLIAMENT.

The reassembling of the Commons after Whitsuntide has brought the customary resolution of the Government to take the whole time of the House. Supply is in an unusually backward state, and the chief measures of the Ministry are more backward still. They have obtained second readings for the Scotch Local Government Bill, the Outdoor Relief (Ireland) Bill, and the Conciliation (Trade Disputes) Bill; but the Welsh Disestablishment Bill is still deep in the trough of Committee, and the Irish Land Bill has not even reached that stage. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Morley, in predicting the passage of these measures through the Commons by the end of July, spoke by the card. As for the Local Veto Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has positively stated that he will take the sense of the House

upon it in the present Session. The almost forgotten resolution against the House of Lords has been mentioned again, and it is understood that the Cabinet will submit this to the House of Commons before the Session ends. Some curiosity has been manifested on the Conservative side as to the precise sanction in treaties for the policy of the Government in conjunction with France and Russia in regard to Turkey. Sir Edward Grey has recommended Mr. Ambrose to study Clause 61 of the Treaty of Berlin. Colonel Howard Vincent is threatening the Government with a vote of censure for their neglect to frame practical proposals for relieving the distress arising out of industrial depression.

Meetings to denounce the atrocities perpetrated in Armenia continue to be held in London and in most other towns, without any sign of English political party influence.

The Duke of Westminster, on June 11, at Grosvenor House, presided over the leading Committee, and a letter from the Bishop of Hereford was read, urging that the "insolent rejection," by Turkey, of the proposals of the Western Powers and of Russia, should be met by demands still more complete and stringent, including the appointment of a permanent High Commissioner, responsible to the foreign Powers of Europe; this resolution was passed. The Sultan's Government at Constantinople has found itself obliged to permit, on June 10, a great public celebration, by the Armenians resident in that city, to the number of twenty thousand, commemorating the formal grant of civil and ecclesiastical rights to their nation thirty-five years ago, which rights they have never yet actually enjoyed under the Turkish rule. A subscription is set on foot for the relief of the Sassoun refugees.

LYCEUM.—This Saturday, at 2, LAST MATINEE KING ARTHUR (Theatre Closed at Night). THE MERCHANT OF VENICE June 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, and MATINEE Saturday, June 22. FAUST June 24, 25, 26, and MATINEE June 28. LOUIS XI. June 27, 28.—Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

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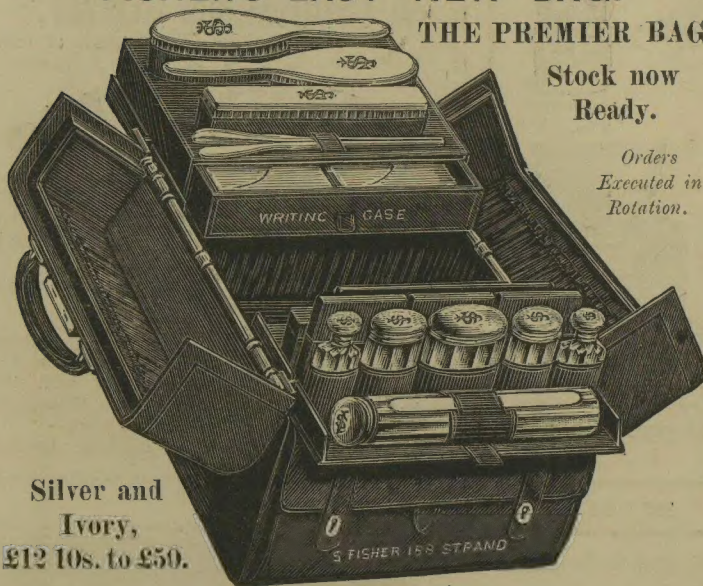
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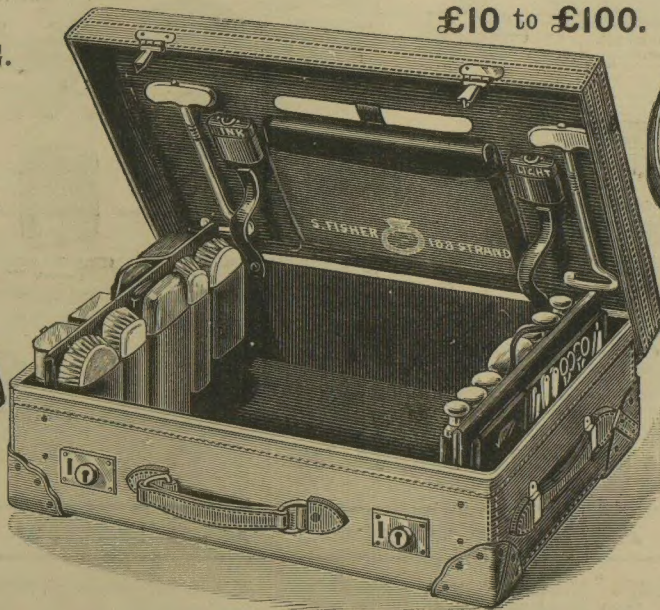


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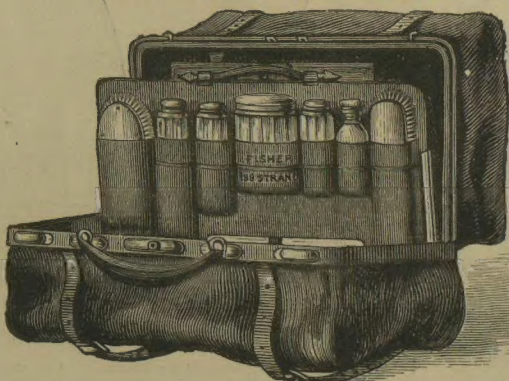


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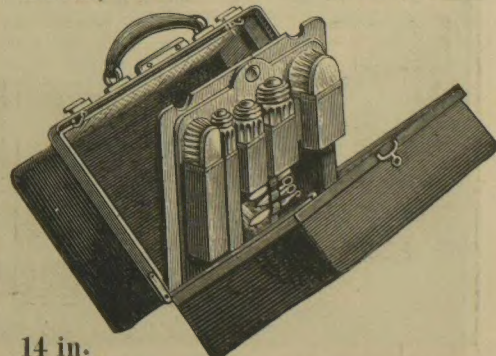
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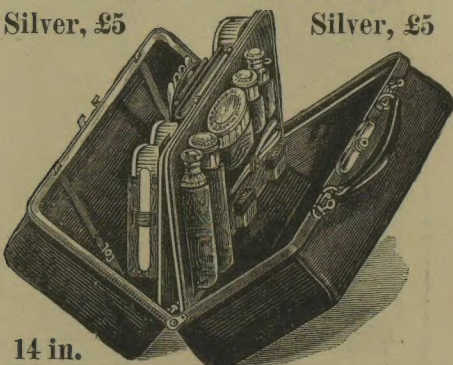
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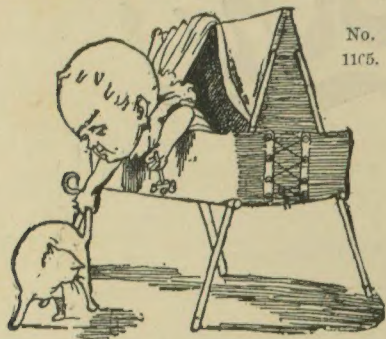
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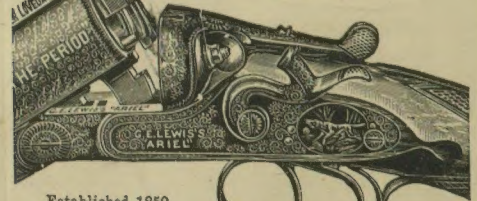
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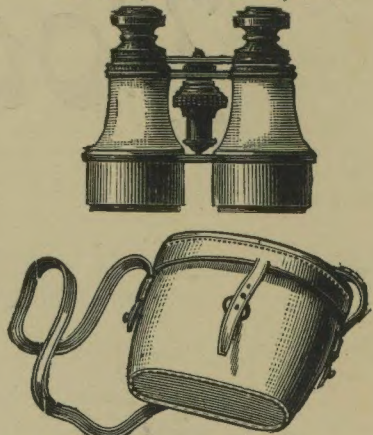


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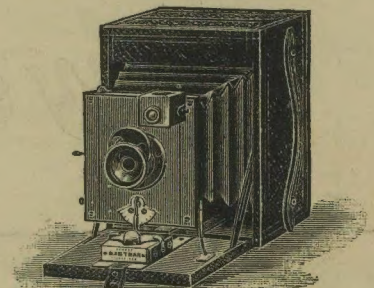


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